Who Neglects Duty invites Trouble.—See page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 515 SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 414782

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

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We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

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In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
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Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

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We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

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April 1, 1916.....

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A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

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April 1, 1916.

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

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(*Strike out one of these.*)

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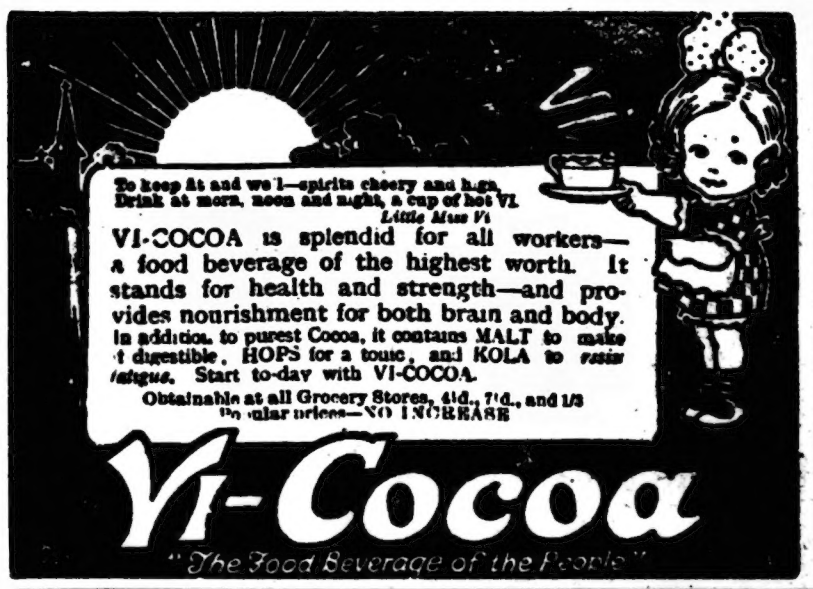
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Vol. XIX. No. 513. Week ending Saturday, April 1st, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

After Verdun.

There can be no question that Germany is in the last throes of despair and desperation. The failure at Verdun has sent her mad. That is the sole explanation of this renewed sea "frightfulness"; but it will soon be over.

The *Sussex*.

By the way, there is a poetic aspect of the attack on the *Sussex*. This was the vessel which brought over the body of poor Warneford—and the Navy still remembers the eloquent speech of the Mayor of Dieppe and the equally touching response of Flight Commander Thurstan—perhaps our greatest practical airman. And, by the way, why are not the services of this officer secured by the Government in a more important capacity even than they are being utilised to-day?

The Coming "Spring."

It will not be "giving information to the enemy" if we just mention the fact that Spring having practically arrived—it is a little belated this year—the great Push of the Allies is about to begin. And we have reason to believe that the enemy has been busy for some weeks past erecting sign posts for its troops—"This way to the Rhine."

"Feel Our Way."

So *that* is to be our policy at the forthcoming Trade Conference with the Allies! It is the latest variant of Mr. Asquith's "Wait and See" policy—and about as useful.

"P.-B." Going Strong.

Watch Mr. Pemberton-Billing's speeches in the House. The perky Tennant will be sorry he spoke.

More Invalids.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain also has been ill! Watch Austen, too. Altogether, there is a pretty rumpus brewing in Downing Street.

More *Strafe*.

"The kiddies were just going into Sunday School," reports an eye-witness of the latest Germhun air murders in Kent, "and a bomb burst among them. I helped to pick up four dead." And yet a multitude of professional and amateur puritans are continually telling us that the Lord is *strafing* us because we go to Sunday concerts and cinemas!

Grim.

Again, a Margate reader vouches for the fact that whilst the German seaplane was busy dropping bombs the other Sunday, a Salvation Army band and procession were—all unconscious of the irony of the situation—playing and singing the well-known hymn: "Showers of blessing fall around us—Let some drops now fall on me," etc. How devoid of all sense of the appropriate some people are!

Bowles Bowled.

We never had much faith in the candidature of "Cap'n" Tommy Bowles. Like our hon. friend Swift MacNeill, he is too full of knowledge—and makes the fatal error of taking himself seriously. In these times you must be "human" if you would win the confidence of the people. The days of the dullards are dead.

"Wait and See."

We are informed on good authority that until the bringing down in France a few days ago of a Zeppelin in flames, the British Government were under the impression that the gas with which these aerial monsters are filled was of a non-inflammable character. Now that their eyes are opened, however, we hope that the next "sausage ship" which visits us will have a warmer reception.

"Treachery on Trawlers."

We sometimes hear of treachery on the part of trawler crews. But sometimes *we* hear of very gallant deeds by them. The other day, for instance, when a German submarine came in sight—oh, hang the Censor! But, perhaps, when the captain of that trawler has told the full story to the Admiralty, which he is now doing—*drat* the Defence of the Realm Act!

These Bonus Bonds.

Don't think, for a moment, that you have heard the last of this idea. If the goody-goodies of the House of Commons—the financial "Conscientious Objectors"—don't like the taste of the national medicine, it must be forced down their throats. We have always said—and we repeat—that without involving the loss of a penny piece to the public, a thousand millions could easily be raised in this way. Oh, dear us!

"Help!"

What is this? Do we dream? The film showing the running for the Grand National, at Gatwick, exhibited to "officers and their friends" at the front on Sunday night!! Where is the Rev. F. B. Meyer—where is Brother Stiggins? Verily the war is lost—and woe and desolation is ours!

Trevelyan's Tosh.

Mr. Trevelyan had a rough time of it, at the hands of "F. E." the other night. Why *do* constituencies put up with cranks of this man's type? They should present a petition to Parliament to declare his seat—like his head—void.

The Business Government League.

It has been quite impossible up to the present to deal with the avalanche of applications for membership of this League. But all in good time.

A Munitions Scandal.

Being over 60 and "ineligible," a certain gentleman yet determined to do his bit—so volunteered to work at a munitions factory, taking no wages and paying his own rail. Instead of applauding such a fine example, the under-manager made matters very uncomfortable for some weeks, winding up by telling the man he was not required any longer. He left at once—and his position is now filled by a young man at some hundreds a year—who happens to be a relative of the under-manager! Names and particulars are ready for Mr. Lloyd George.

A Tip for the Chancellor.

May we remind Mr. McKenna of our old suggestion that he would obtain a considerable sum of money from those who have hitherto, quite unfairly, escaped taxation, were he to prevent the placing of wines and spirits, tobacco, etc., on board passenger vessels duty free? At present shipowners make an exorbitant profit on the sale of such articles at high prices. This is, too, obviously unjust to our Tommies on foreign service, to say nothing of civilian passengers. Now is the chance for the Exchequer to get "a little of its own back" from those cormorants, the freight-wanglers.

On the Long Highroad.

There were about eight miles to be tramped between Tavistock and Launceston, and a soldier was footing it because there are no Sunday trains—which are naughty things. A man driving a cart along the long road had a kind heart, and he gave Mr. Atkins a lift, not knowing that a vigilant policeman was playing "I-spy." The result was a summons, and the employer of the driver has to pay 22s. for not having his "carriage" licensed. So you know now what comes of giving a lift to a soldier down Devon way, if your cart is a trade cart. You must not carry passengers, even though you have plenty of room, and though the man is a soldier with eight miles to go. Let the beggar tramp it! So saith the law.

An Opportunity Missed.

East Ham Council missed a fine chance of behaving decently. Among the applicants for the post of local taxation officer was one of their own clerks, a Gallipoli hero and volunteer, invalided home minus an eye. Another applicant was a clerk employed by the Carron Co., but who has the added distinction of being Honorary Secretary of the Plashet Liberal and Radical Club and Association—and he was the lucky one to secure the coveted position. East Ham might have been loyal to East Ham, and to one of its servants who deserved well of the Borough because he had fought and suffered for his country. Apparently such a record does not weigh with those worthy Councillors.

The Gentle Turk.

One would hardly expect to find a single voice raised in praise of the policy of the dear Turks, but the feat is accomplished by the Rev. James P. McNaughton, a Canadian missionary. Turkey, it seems, has only held to its own. "For the crime of standing up for these inalienable rights a systematic attempt is now being made to so decimate its people that never again will a racial aspiration swell their hearts nor Christian inspiration fill their souls." This country had always been on the side of the Turks; their Empire would not exist had we not protected it. Now that Turkey bites the hand that guarded it, and goes to war against us for the sake of Germhun gold, a Canadian missionary thinks we are trying to "decimate" it for our own base reasons. Those gentle Turks—with their souls full of "Christian" inspiration! The treacherous scoundrels!

Paralysing Swansea.

Swansea is seething with excitement because an alderman has declared that the next rate will be a "paralysing" one. So the Council proceeded to raise the salary of its Estate Agent by £50 this year and a further £50 next year: just as though there was no such thing as war economy and just as though municipal expenditure may be more wasteful than usual. Consider this passage in debate:—"Ald. Miles: Some things have gone up from 35 to 40 per cent. Ald. David Davies: But those refer only to articles of food." *Only to articles of food!*

A Vision of Blazes.

This to Mr. Lloyd George: Forewarned is forearmed. How often is fire drill practised in the various old, new, and temporary Government offices in London, now crowded like a sardine tin? The Government girl of the typist class is not agile, and she taps her machine near the tiles. "Shall we wait and see?" asks an anxious one, "and when we have waited and seen, shall we have to say once again, 'Too late'? Or will somebody who has seen a fire with women on the top storey get a move on now that I have told 'em?" Perhaps—perhaps not.

Quack of the Quaker.

"'Twas the voice of the Quaker; they heard him quack, quack!" at the Education Committee meeting in Sunderland. Mr. T. W. Backhouse was the Friend who orated in the accepted un-Friendly fashion, and he was "personally sorry" that "such a large number of their men teachers had enlisted or attested. In his opinion the occupation of the teacher was a higher national service than that of killing their fellow-men." Teaching is a high national service; that teachers recognise a still higher one in their duty to their country redounds to their honour, especially when their duty is done in face of deadly discouragement by Committeemen like Mr. Back-out—beg pardon, Backhouse!

Fighting Scotsmen.

We are inclined to give Seumas MacGaeadh free advertisement because, writing in a Scottish paper, he affects to be all-out, bald-headed, on behalf of Scotland, but yet runs counter to the best instincts of his countrymen. He says he is "thoroughly convinced that the animal courage and blind love of battle . . . of Gaels . . . have been in a great measure responsible for the loss of power in the Gaelic race." This is to assert that the constitutional bravery of the men of Scotland has injured their nation. But Scotland never stood higher in the world's estimation than she stands to-day, thanks mainly to the fighting reputation of her sons. The writer also refers to "our lords and masters the English." Nobody but a wild "Nationalist" would pen such a libel on the two countries.

Men of Colour.

South African newspapers are echoing our suggestion that Zulus and Basutos should be permitted to strike a blow for the King to whom they owe allegiance. They, themselves, are not only willing, but anxious, to fight. The Zulus have a proverb that neatly sums up the opinion of all really "white" men:—"Once a German always a German." 40,000 Zulus are ready, under their reigning chief, and their head men would organise the other tribes at once. Why should we say them nay? Similar, in an humble way, is the plaint that comes from a coloured man, now in Glasgow. He, on behalf of himself and other blacks, British subjects from the West Indies, and absolutely loyal, are refused work on board ship because of their colour, yet they see foreigners daily taken on. A British subject, whatever the colour of his skin, should have first claim.

The Gift that is always Seasonable, the "John Bull" Pen.

Pestering the Bereaved.

Another jackal seeking to prey upon the dead is R. C. Carr, printer, 101, Blackman Lane, Leeds. Three days after the published announcement of the death at the front of his only son, a father was grieved to receive samples of Carr's "Patriotic In Memoriam Card," with a snuffling, canting reminder that "all relatives and friends will appreciate a memento to the fallen Hero," and a list of "verses"—stupid, halting, doggerel verses, worse than patent medicine rhymes—for printing on the precious card. Such commercialism by the graveside is deplorable; the present victim thinks it monstrous to be so "pestered in his bereavement," and he deems it an "inhuman" act. Surely Mr. Carr, the printer, cannot realise the cruel pain he causes?

The Commercial Motor.

Rather surprising figures are furnished regarding the wages of men who drive commercial motors for well-known shops. They apply directly to two big establishments in Brixton and to one mammoth concern in the West End, but are also the general rule elsewhere. The nominal hours are from 8 to 8, but are frequently extended to 9 or 10 at night; in sale time, a man may get back to the shop at 3 in the morning and sleep in his van. The wages for this work are 25s. a week; the West End firm alone pays an extra 5s. for a week when there are no punctures or breakdowns. One Brixton shop wonders why it cannot "get a man"; three have resigned in as many months, and they still advertise for another. If they would pay the men—married, with families—a decent wage, the vacancy would soon fill.

A Fearsome Fine.

Unless there is some evidence of hostile intent, a fine of £10 for a first offence against the Lighting Regulations is altogether an excessive penalty. This was the sentence awarded by the High Wycombe County Bench to Percy Calderbank, a Wallingford Special Constable, whose offence consisted in having upon his motor cycle "a lamp which was capable of movement independent of the movement of the vehicle," contrary to the Defence of the Realm Regulations. The prosecution was conducted by an Inspector of Police, who "did not suggest that there was any intention to use the lamp for the purpose of assisting the enemy, and had no doubt the lamp was being used in absolute ignorance of the Regulations." The offence was thus a purely technical one, which might have been suitably purged by a fine of modest dimensions. We are all for law and order, but justice is a jewel.

War Sacrifice.

How does this strike you as a wartime item? "My luncheon at a West End restaurant yesterday was completely spoiled through witnessing a disgusting exhibition. A well-dressed woman, accompanied by a child—apparently her daughter—of thirteen or so, entered the room and sat at a table in front of mine. The woman studied the menu card very closely before making her choice, and finally ordered a plate of Irish stew. She then carefully picked out the bones, cut the meat and vegetables into tiny pieces, and placed the plate of good food on the carpet. Then, to my intense amazement, an ugly little snub-nosed pug was produced from the child's arms and dropped down by the side of the plate. The little beast licked the food all over, ate about six mouthfuls of it and was then hauled up and fondled again in the child's lap, the plate being put back on the table for the waitress to take away. The woman had meanwhile ordered only pastries and coffee for herself and daughter." There's sacrifice for you—unless, of course, the two human bellies were already full.

A Crazy Councillor.

Councillor Ayles, of Bristol, has set to work that mouldy sponge he calls his brain, and has produced a leaflet, which is given away outside chapels, entitled, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Here are two of his arguments:—"If our soldiers were told to love the Germans, they would never kill them." Speaking of a German who might "come to kill his mother," he says, "If you killed the German, what about the next one, and the next, and so on? You would have to go on killing until they were all gone—even to the last man and the last shilling—and are you then sure that an Englishman would not want to kill you?" And the writer of this stuff is not in an asylum, but in the City Council.

The Key of the Street.

Romford Urban Council employed a man who lived in one of their cottages. Owing to some friction, he engaged in munition work, and now, because he has left their employ, those worthy councillors want their cottage. The wife appeared before the Magistrates, saying:—"She and her husband had tried everywhere to get a house; they had spent four days in the effort; they have nowhere to go; they can't get a home; they will have to turn out on the road—and her husband is on war work." All of which said story mattered not one jot or tittle to the Romford Council, neither did it weigh one pennyweight with the Romford Magistrates. The Ejectment Order was made. In three weeks' time out the couple must go, by the scruff of their necks if needs be, and they may sleep in a roadside ditch till the man has to get up and go off to his war work.

Prison Thoughts.

In Maidstone Gaol there is a printing shop where about 25 sacks of paper, waste and cuttings, are burned weekly, instead of going to the mill near by. Strong men, willing to do war work—or any work, for it is want of labour that prevents them sleeping o' nights—are kept folding sheets of paper day by day, and skilled workmen have nothing better to do than thread tape through eyelet holes, to hang cards up—all work fit for girls. A discharged prisoner, a man of intelligence, protests against this non-use of willing labour. His remedy is that prisoners sentenced before the war should be released on ticket-of-leave; confirmed offenders should labour in dockyards or special factories, and reductions of sentence awarded to good workers. He is also, wonderful to relate, an advocate for flogging. He thinks it would cure hardened offenders, set the men free all the sooner to do honest work, and would save the State £27 a year in each case.

Barking at Barking.

At a recent gathering at the Barking Baptist Tabernacle, Mr. F. Jenks, who occupied the chair, advanced the impressive Christian theory that if Belgium had suffered in the war, as undoubtedly she had, she had really got no more than her deserts, and might recognise in her cruel experience the chastening hand of God. "All of them pitied Belgium," said the gentle Jenks, "but they had not forgotten the brutal and inhuman treatment of the defenceless Congo natives sanctioned by the late King of the Belgians." Nor, we may add, have the rest of us forgotten that Mr. E. D. Morel, who led the attack upon the Belgian administration on the Congo, is now actively ranged on the side of his country's enemies, there being strong grounds for the suspicion that if, as a result of the "Red Rubber" agitation, the Congo Free State had been ceded to Germany, Mr. Morel's chief object would have been attained. Abuses there may have been on the Congo as elsewhere in the Dark Continent, but no part of the responsibility for them can fairly be assigned to the Belgian people at large, to whom the rubber plantations of the Congo were no more than the private estates of their King.

Enter your Child for "Everywoman's" Beauty Competition.

Among the Gee-Gees.

Men with knowledge of horses are required for the Army Veterinary Corps, 2nd London Division. Men in Derby Groups not called up, or warned for calling up but not yet joined, unattested married men—and if it can be proved that their attestation was unavoidably prevented, unattested single men—can apply, either personally or by letter to the Officer Commanding, 2nd London Divisional Veterinary Hospital, St. Albans. This is a fine chance for good men who wish to join an excellent branch of the Service.

Punishing the Innocent.

Sunderland barbers have decided to cease free shaving for wounded soldiers in hospital. Their strictly logical reasoning tells them that, as the Tribunals say their trade is not a necessary, they cannot do unnecessary work. It is a pretty argument, worthy of Aristotle, Simple Simon, or Alice in Wonderland—but it is neither dignified nor kindly. It omits to consider the one prime factor—the wounded men. What, oh, barbers of Sunderland! is their crime that ye deny them tribute in their hour of need?

Queer Queries.

"Is Canada at war with Germany or playing marbles?" It is not we who propound this queer conundrum, but a responsible Canadian journal, which ought, at any rate, to know what it is talking about. The point seems to be that there are far too many Germans in the public service in Canada—even in the Defence Department—and Sir Sam Hughes, the Minister of Militia, is credited with the statement that "they are all good fellows," and with the further amazing assertion that the Chief of his Intelligence Staff is a German, although "thoroughly competent" and "loyal to the core." What can it all mean?

A Noble Example.

All recruiting disputes would soon be settled if there were plenty of people in the land ready and willing to follow the really fine example of one of our readers. He is too old to fight, being 72, but when war broke out he felt he must do something. And he did. He wrote to a local paper offering to pay to the mother of any son "who would go and fight for him" the sum of 7s. a week, till the son returned. There were 22 applicants. He took them to the recruiting office, and 16 were passed; 2 did not complete the training; 11 are in the fighting line now, and 3 in hospital. "And," writes this grand old patriot, "yesterday I paid the 80th week to the 14 mothers or wives." His conclusion is: "There are hundreds of thousands in this country who cannot go to fight, but can afford to pay 7s. weekly to men with dependents, to help the men to go." This gentleman is no millionaire; he is just a plain, business man. Who will copy his magnificent example?

Army Waste.

According to the Auditor-General's report on the Army Appropriation Account for 1914-15, a trifling parcel of 333,889 rounds of small arms ammunition, valued at £1,651, has vanished into the unknown. The cartridges were despatched in a truck from Winchester *before instructions as to their disposal had been given*, and, seizing the opportunity, succeeded in getting clear away. We should like to know who has been punished for the escape of these cartridges. The idea of 333,889 rounds of small arms ammunition being at large "somewhere in England," is a little disquieting. Possibly they have cunningly concealed themselves in some remote country siding. Here is a problem for some amateur Sherlock Holmes, if the Government will but arouse the sleuthing instinct by the offer of a suitable reward for the absconderers. But, joking aside, can we reasonably expect the military authorities to win the war while they are capable of losing a truck of cartridges here at home?

The Huns' Patrons.

We have told of the choice woods supplied to interned Germans for their carving, and we now learn that not all of their handicraft goes to America. Huns interned at Stobs have been executing models of the *Lusitania* and *Blucher*, and these have been purchased by British officers. If our information were other than trustworthy, we should think it incredible that officers would pay money to Germans for carving a model of the *Lusitania*. Surely the thing would blister their fingers!

Army Rents.

Complaints have again been rife that in some districts the Army authorities have been sadly behind with their rent in respect of houses requisitioned for military purposes. It is stated that, in the case of a large boarding-house at an East Coast resort, not a penny of rent was received from the War Office for a period of six months, although an agreement for monthly payment had been made. In these circumstances, a correspondent "wonders what the authorities would think if we treated their demands for Income Tax in the same way." We should smile!

"How to Win the War."

We have been reading this remarkable little book, written by Thomas Farrow and Walter Crotch. It shows clearly and succinctly how the war might have been, and can continue to be, financed without any recourse at all to the "severe taxation" with which we are threatened, and seeks to secure the co-operation of all classes in a great effort for the "voluntary enlistment" of wealth. Had Mr. McKenna called in men of the type of Messrs. Farrow and Crotch he could have done more in a month to organise a National Thrift Campaign than the politician will achieve in a year.

Wail of a Musician.

Sore is the British musician, despite the fact that the Germhun will have it that there ain't no sich a thing. "It would be surprising," so an orchestral Englishman tells us, "if an inspection were made of the various restaurants and cinemas, to see the number of young Belgian, French and Italians playing in the orchestras, and when asked why they don't go back to help their country, they say, 'Why should we fight? It is nothing to do with us.' I can name one cinema where out of an orchestra of fourteen there are only three Britishers; the foreigners are sneaking the jobs of men who have attested or have had to go up." Truth is, the British conductor always did love the foreign musician; why, we are not competent to say. It may be because he is a better instrumentalist, or because he wears longer hair.

A Domestic Budget.

"What is the good of education without food?" was the question addressed to the Long Ashton Magistrates by a poor widow charged with failing to send her thirteen-year-old daughter regularly to school. The reply was a fine of 2s. 6d., and to the credit of the legal profession let it be set down that the penalty was instantly discharged by a kindly solicitor who had heard the facts of the case. It seems that the truant scholar, tired of eating bread and water, had found a domestic situation where she got sufficient food and a shilling a week for wages. Meanwhile, the mother, with five younger children to support, had 9s. a week for rent, clothing, food and fuel. Out of this pittance, but for the lawyer's kindness, she must have appeased the stony-hearted "Justices" of the Long Ashton Bench. One of the very first jobs for the Business Government must be the repeal of the present so-called Education Acts.

It is Best to Prepare for the Worst. See Page ii. of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The plaudits of playgoers they
Have always won of yore,
And now they're one and wedded, why,
They'll Wyn-dham Moore and Moore!

From Royal lips our braves are given
The praise that is their meed—
Shattered and blinded, torn and riven,
To guard us in our need.

'Tis felt that Charlie Chaplin's played
And profited full long—
In khaki now should be arrayed
All Britons young and strong.

Brave Tommies who at "Wipers" fought
And made the Boches run,
Praise the stout *poilus* who have wrought
So nobly at Verdun.

John Sinbad Bull, in sorry plight,
Beneath his burden stews.
And only wishes that he might
Advance in bounds with Hughes.

Ere Runciman to Paris goes
'Twould be as well if he
Divested him of "Free Trade" clo'es,
Else he'll unwelcome be.

A Promising Theologian.

One of our readers, doing his bit on a British warship, has heard from home. According to the missus, the local Vicar "was telling them down the sewing-class yesterday that 'It's a toss up between Ronald and Teddy who can answer the most questions at Sunday School,' and he said last Sunday afternoon they were having a lesson on John the Baptist, and he asked what other John there was in the Scriptures, and Teddy answered 'JOHN BULL,' so you can see how well Teddy is up in Scripture." If Teddy sees this and will send us his postal address in an envelope marked "Private," he shall have a JOHN BULL pen in token of his astounding proficiency.

Injustice.

The action of the Rosyth Buildings and Estates Company looks like a cruel injustice, for they have given notice to their tenants at Inverkeithling that they must pay three months' rent in advance—or go. Some of the tenancies are for three rooms at £19 19s. a year, tenant paying rates, and some of the tenants are away fighting, and some are awaiting their call. What shall be said of landlords who put on such a screw at such a time? We must have a moratorium for grasping landlords, warehousemen, and all other harpies who are fleecing Kitchener's men.

Robbing the Red Cross.

The fact that in organising a raffle Mr. S. A. Banks, a Manchester solicitor, had "no other motive than that of helping the Red Cross," did not protect him from a vexatious prosecution at the hands of the Eccles police. In dismissing the trumpery charge upon payment of the costs, the Magistrates were unwilling to blame the Chief Constable, who had instituted the proceedings, but why this fussy policeman should escape criticism it is hard to see. It seems that at his instance the proposed "draw" was abandoned, and it ought to be widely known that the Red Cross Society are, at a modest estimate, from £7 to £8 the poorer for his action. Wounded soldiers, kindly note.

Arms and the Man.

In case the arms of the N.C.C. have not already been granted by the Royal College of Heralds, one who scorns with many scorns suggests that the same be as follows: On scroll, above crest of three white feathers in lemonade-bottles, "We Don't Want to Fight." Motto under shield: "'Tis Conscience doth make cowards of us all" (Shakespeare). Shield: Quartered. Three maggots recumbent. Baby's bottle rampant. Bar sinister and a down pillow. Supports—Two tame rabbits crouchant. It would be difficult to improve on the suggestion.

Don't Write in the Old-Fashioned Way. Get a "John Bull" Pen.

THE DOVES OF DOWNING STREET.

THE NEED FOR EAGLES—STOP COOING, AND KILL.

By the Editor.

They cooed before the war, did these political doves of the Party nest; they told us all was well. Their soft notes lulled the nation into a false sleep and left us unprepared for Armageddon. Whenever anyone tried to interrupt them in their pretty music they cried "traitor," whenever men—not with rings round their necks but with patriotic ardour in their breasts—sounded the note of alarm, there was a flutter in the dovecote—there was a scandalised beating of the wings in Downing Street. Who dared disturb the happy serenity of these well-bred politicians—playing the Party game in feathering their own nests? Wasn't it certain that unless the gulled and lulled public were left in blissful ignorance there would be trouble in the cote—other birds might even have a chance of picking up the fat corn of office? Keep on cooing, maintain the wicked pretence that all is well; if anyone dares to hint at birds of prey "coo" him down if possible, and if cooing won't do, then scream. And so the tragi-comedy of the doves of Downing Street, the farce of the feathered tribe of the politician, was played out to its appointed end. How they flocked together then! That quaintest of all the birds, the spiritual "homer," fluttered and flurried, cooed and protested that war was impossible, vowed that nothing should upset the smooth slumbers of the cote where they preened their feathers in mutual admiration and pretended no harm could come. They were downy birds in Downing Street then—they are just as downy now. The only difference is that, fearful of losing their pretty feathered nests, they decided to pool their corn, to mate with the unmatable; and so to-day, instead of one breed of political doves playing at war in Whitehall and cooing in Council in Downing Street, they have two breeds sharing the feed and mingling their dove-like voices. Bless the dear things—*how* they coo!

War—the Eagle's Business.

What a travesty of things as they should be! War is the eagle's business; with neck outstretched and beak stern for combat; with talons outspread ready to fasten in the back of the foe and never lose hold until every drop of blood has dripped from the quarry—that is my picture of the fighting man. And it is fighting men we want to-day, not only on the stricken field and on the grey waters of the North Sea, but in the Government, and above all in the Cabinet. The pity, the tragedy of it, is that where we look for the eagles there we still find the ringed doves, the professional "cooers," the men of soft-spoken words and indecisive acts. It is all wrong—ghastly wrong. How the gods must laugh to see with what fussy importance they try to hatch out their eggs of impotence; with what grotesque preenings and struttings they seek to pretend that their miserable little doves are real eagles of war. How can we expect anything better—how can we hope for that vigour in offensive, that initiative in attack—when the talons of the fighting men are blunted by these pink-toed politicians? There was a time when I, too, believed there was something in the Party game; when I thought that political "cooing" was, at any rate, good fun—even if I preferred my own cote to sharing one with all the rag-tag and bobtail of the Party nests. But that was when we were in what they call the piping times of peace. Stupidities and inanities, insincerities and ineptitudes which were good enough when the "Outs" snarled at the "Ins" and those who dwelt in Downing Street fought for nothing but their own miserable little lives, are now crimes, and worse. War has changed everything but the doves of Downing Street, and to day, after twenty months of the bloodiest conflict the eye of man has ever beheld in the history of this world of strife, we are suffering from what I can only describe as feathered feebleness in all the high places of the State.

No Room for Professors.

Think of their qualifications, read their pedigrees, contemplate their political records; and then tell me if there is one of them, with the single exception of the fighting bird of the War Office—an eagle among these downy doves—who has any claim to confidence, any right to be considered a leader for war. Let us take the First Lord of the Admiralty. He is head of the greatest navy the world has ever known; he controls the destinies of the Empire upon the seas. An able man, yes; a big brain, yes. I take off my hat to Mr. Balfour as a man of supreme intellectual eminence, as a profound philosopher, as a distinguished author—the man whose erudition is enshrined in the "Foundations of Belief," whose combative qualities have reached their highest point in the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt." It may be a tribute to his splendid capacity for mental detachment—for the power to rise superior to all that is warring and worldly—that since war began he has been able to deliver professorial lectures and lead the minds of men away from the splendid game of killing Germhuns, the glorious excitement of winning victories, to the higher mentality, to the rarer atmospheres of philosophy, where poison gases are unknown and the smoke-bomb clouds not the reasoning. But what the nation wants just now is not a man who understands how to defend philosophic doubt, but how to defend the priceless possession of the British Empire—not a man who can tell you all about the "Foundations of Belief," but a practical man of the world who can concentrate and consecrate his every energy upon the task of smashing the foundations on which the Germhun is seeking to build his rival empire, and undermining the power with which the enemy is trying to put the world in chains—to enslave Civilisation. In a battle of wits there are a dozen men in the Cabinet to-day who can make the groundlings laugh and can score off an opponent with all the arts of the practised debater. But we are engaged in a bigger battle—in the mightiest struggle since the world was created out of Chaos. We have no place for the talkers. We want action.

The Great War of Trade.

The nation is ready to follow if it is given the lead. We want a lead to-day, and that is why Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, who comes among us as a fighter of Germhuny in that great war of trade for which our Cabinet should now be preparing, is being acclaimed as a Heaven-sent hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is just a man of stout heart and steady head. Unlike Mr. Asquith, he has no Craven scholarships, no "double firsts," no "classical greats" to adorn his education and hall-mark his learning. His university has been the great school of mankind; the best of his study has been in the open book of this workaday world. And thus equipped, he saw the crippling dangers of allowing the Germhun to remain master of a hundred Imperial industries; he was quick to realise that unless we cut the cancer which has spread its roots deep down into our Imperial trade, we should fight and win this war in vain. While the dreamy politicians at home quibbled and quarrelled, this astute statesman acted. He appealed in vain to the doves of Downing Street to cease their legal cooings and to attune their notes to the strains of war. What did he do? He wound up every enemy concern in Australia; he tore up Germhun contracts which denied to this country the metal from our own Dominions that we needed to make the shells and the cartridges for our fighting men. He understood that we are at war, not at law. While our lawyers turned up their eyes in pious horror and invoked Jurisprudence to witness the desecration, Mr. Hughes played the man—the fighting man. Every weapon he could use against the Germhun in trade he has forged, and what is more, he has used it ruthlessly, relentlessly.

After Twelve Months!

Can't you imagine what Mr. Hughes, or any man who has courage and vigour, would have made of the Blockade question which the doves have cooed about ever since the war began? Do you think that outside the dovecotes of Downing Street there is anyone who has any doubt that the quickest way to have beaten Germhuny to her knees was by smashing her on the seas—by starving her into submission? The story of Government feebleness in matters of contraband makes me hot as I write it. We could have shortened this war by months if only the doves had not done their best to prevent the eagles of the Navy stopping overseas supplies to Germhuny. And in spite of all the promises, all the windy cooing, they haven't yet done the thing with ruthless vigour. Only the other day, as I have already shown my readers, Lord Robert Cecil, that dove from the Temple who has been made our Blockade minister—I had almost written blockhead; of course, a mistake—told the House of Commons, where they all coo in chorus, that "the question of declaring contraband every commodity likely to be of use to the enemy *is under consideration.*" And yet more than a year ago—on March 1st, 1915—Mr. Asquith, the chief of the dovecote, "cooed" out an answer to the challenge of Germhuny which, if it meant anything, meant that at once nothing that was eatable or wearable, nothing that could furnish food for man or beast, should be allowed to reach the hated land of the enemy. You will recall the occasion—Von Tirpitz, that long-whiskered lump of wickedness, had thrown down the challenge of submarine frightfulness. We took it up—not only on our own behalf, but on behalf of our Allies. This is what the Prime Minister said—and I am quoting from the official debates:—

> Her [Germhuny's] opponents are driven to frame retaliatory measures in order, in their turn, to prevent commodities *of any kind* from reaching or leaving Germhuny.

"Driven," you notice—we ought to have done it on the very day war was declared. And yet in March, 1916, "the question of declaring contraband every commodity likely to be of use to the enemy *is under consideration.*" Retaliatory measures! What clotted nonsense—what "cooing" imbecility! Making up their minds—considering the question—a year after the head of the Government pretended to take up the challenge of the Hun!

Away with Theories!

Do you wonder that I have lost patience with these doves of Downing Street—are you surprised that those of us who know that this war will not be ended when the clash of arms ceases are disgusted with the attitude of feathered feebleness which is now showing itself over the Paris Conference? At that Conference momentous matters will be discussed—the Allies will want to unite for the war of commerce as they are bound for the war of powder and steel. But the doves are troubled; they may be asked to come to some decision, to make some compact, which might interfere with the miserable theories about trade and tariffs which kept the rival cotes wrangling while the enemy was preparing to make the feathers fly. And so the Prime Minister has told us that the British representative—to wit, the ridiculous Runciman, the man who scoffed at the warning of Lord Roberts and who has threatened to leave the Cabinet on the recruiting question—will not be committed to anything; and whatever the Allies may desire, the Board of Trade dove will come back without any real weapon in his beak—without any "tariff or trade" compact. That is the kind of stuff that makes a practical man, a Business man, tired—as the Americans say. We have to smash the Germhun—that is certain. The country won't stand any nonsense on that score. It is our business so to combine with our Allies that we shall be able to draw a ring-fence round Germhuny, and by starving her foreign trade keep her poor. A prosperous Germhuny is an arrogant Germhuny. Out of the trade which she has filched from us, and out of the pockets of the people of the British Empire, she has paid for her mighty army and built up her once menacing navy. We want no doves of peace when the great settlement comes; the eagles of war are fighting the carrion nation, and the eagles must draw up the terms upon which the Allies agree to let Germhuny exist.

Clip Their Wings.

"Don't humiliate Germhuny!" is a disgraceful cry we shall hear again when the day of reckoning comes. That day, I believe in my heart and soul, will not be long delayed. All the portents are favourable, all the signs in the skies I read as the signs of victory. The eagles of war, the fighting men of the Allied armies, can be trusted to win a great triumph. If the doves of Downing Street can't be sent flying before that day comes, at least their wings can be clipped and we can prevent them muddling peace terms in the mirage of sloppy sentiment just as they have done their best to muddle war's demands by cooing to the "conscientious objector" and the anti-conscriptionist. Away with the doves—give us eagles!

MERCY FOR THE MARRIED.

LORD DERBY'S PLEDGE AND THE NATION'S DUTY.

By Charles Palmer (late Editor of *The Globe*).

We are at war for honour's sake; that justice may be done; that the qualities of mercy which the enemy has forgotten may once more be established among nations; that truth and right-dealing may prevail. Yet we are jeopardising the success of our share in the great triumph by something not to be distinguished from trickery to the married men, not far removed from cruel deceit to the married women. For who will deny that this is a women's and a children's question quite as much as it is a question for those whose names actually appear upon the roll call of the group system? We have passed the days of the press-gang, when men were first fuddled by drink and then taken by force. But we have reached, unhappily, the time when those who are the best and most sober of our citizens, who have the responsibilities of wife and child, of house and rent, of business and commitments, have been deceived into a course which leaves them angered and anxious. Is that the spirit which we recognise as the spirit of fighting men; is that the mood which has won us fresh honours in Flanders, which gives us the deathless memories of Gallipoli? No, a thousand times, No. And if we are to keep faith with ourselves as a nation of honourable men, governed by honourable men, we must take our stand as a nation by the side of the married men who have enlisted. We must make sure that the solemn pledges under which they were attested—that slim-sounding word which means enlistment—is kept not only in the letter of the lawyer-politician but in the spirit of honourable and just dealing.

Message of Hope and Justice.

First of all, Lord Derby must resign his position under the recruiting scheme, must wash his hands of the Military Service Act. Why do I make that claim; why have others made so much of the position of Lord Derby? It is because he is the embodiment of the pledge to the married men—because he gave an unqualified promise to those who believed his word—that all available single men should be pressed into the fighting ranks before the married men were called upon to join the Colours. It is now admitted, even by the Government, that all available single men have not been compelled to join the Army; therefore the promise has been broken, and Lord Derby, if he desires to retain the reputation upon the strength of which he was able to influence recruiting in so marvellous a fashion, must be true to his word. His resignation would have enormous effect. It would mean that he, at least, is not to be classed among the politicians who have muddled the war and made a mess of recruiting. His resignation would bring to the married men a message of hope, the promise of justice and the pledge of mercy.

England's Homes in Weeping.

Let there be no mistake—it *is* mercy they need, for in their patriotism they have given, and are prepared to sacrifice, hostages to fortune of which the single man knows nothing and the man without family responsibilities can have no idea. There are doubtless those who, believing the smooth things which were spoken in the market place and in the recruiting hall, had an idea that the enlistment of the married men was simply to "encourage the others"—the single slackers, the unattached youths who were rushing like rabbits to munition factories, burrowing underground in the work of the coal mines, or hiding themselves in the clerical duties of Government clerks in Whitehall. But the rest, and they are the big and patriotic majority, attested—that is, enlisted—with their eyes open and their hearts sound. They knew the time might come when "the call" would have to be answered, and they believed—they had the pledge of Lord Derby and the promise of Mr. Asquith in mind—that it would be many months before all the available single men had been called up and they would have to say "Good-bye" to wife and child. Now half the little homes of England are in weeping; there is anxiety, there is fear. The women—and what splendid examples of resignation and courage they are—see nothing but trouble looming; the men, with the responsibilities which business as well as affection brings weighing upon them, see nothing but darkness ahead. Equality of sacrifice, yes. They are ready to do their bit. But they are not ready to fight while the single shirker remains at home; they are not ready to break up their home and sacrifice their business and leave the one to the mercy of an unknown State benevolence and the other to be filched by those who have neither the manliness nor the patriotism to play the man's part.

What Lord Kitchener Says.

When they protest they are told that "the German will not wait while we are putting the house in order"—that is Lord Derby's way of fulfilling his pledge; in other words, the married men must be sacrified to the muddle and incompetence of the politician. Lord Derby "feels deeply" for the married men. Why—if they are only asked to do what they expected to do? Why sympathy, if there is no call for it? It is just because they have been deceived that they deserve the nation's sympathy—just because the pledge has been broken and a demand made upon them which they understood would never be made until the single men had been forced to their duty—that they have a right to the most generous treatment at the hands of the nation. The Government know how great is the need for "men and still more men"; Lord Kitchener, who has never yet spoken the thing that is not or trimmed his words to hide the truth, now tells us that even if we obtained all the single men anticipated from the group system "we would still require a large number of married men within the next few weeks." I believe Lord Kitchener, if I cannot trust a single one of the politicians.

Honest Dealing All Round.

We are committed to maintaining in the field so many Divisions—that is a pledge to the French, of which the nation has a right to know at least the rough details. I know that more anxiety is felt by the higher command in France for the success of our present recruiting effort than about Verdun. Our great Ally is confident of triumph when the great push comes, if only we are prepared to furnish the support we are pledged to supply. If, then, we can only get the men by keeping the married to their promise, there must be honest dealing all round. First, the single men must be routed out of their holes; the "umbrella men," as the French call them, must be made to reveal themselves. The young men who are wearing the war work badges, and whose only care is for their own skins, must give place to married men, and to women who are proving such handy experts with the lathe and are shaming our sex both in finish of material and rapidity of output.

Equality of sacrifice—that is the demand. And the Government must dally no longer with their plans for ensuring that neither the married man's home shall suffer nor his business be ruined. It is mercy for the married man for which I plead; justice, yes, but justice tempered with that finer humanity for which we are supposed to be fighting. Never let it be said that those who proved the better citizens in peace, in war were sacrificed to single selfishness and made the victims of flabby sentiment and Cabinet muddle.

SAVE A LIFE FOR A PENNY.

YOU MUST HELP YOURSELVES—THE GOVERNMENT WON'T HELP YOU.

By A. G. Hales.

Men who only talk are an unmitigated curse to society. I am sick of all the purposeless chatter in Parliament, and out of it, concerning past raids by German aircraft, and air-raids to come. That there will be more I know; that more English lives will be sacrificed upon the altar of political shuffling, lying and incompetence, is as sure as destiny. Mr. Pemberton-Billing did his best to rouse our pussy-cat Parliament to a sense of its duties the other night. Mr. Tennant, however, ignored the question of the murder of our home-staying folk, and said that the Commander of our Forces in France was perfectly satisfied with the present state of aerial affairs at the front. What had that to do with the murders committed in England? Is Mr. Tennant an imbecile, or does he think that we are? Would Sir Douglas Haig be satisfied with our aerial affairs if his mother, wife, sister or children were hurled to death in the next raid? I think not. The only thing which Mr. Tennant's reply to Mr. Pemberton-Billing made plain was that the wig-and-gown Government will not bestir itself to save the people. From my soul I devoutly hope that the next German air-raid over London will find a few bombs dropped near the House of Commons; then, perhaps, these cold-blooded talkers will realise that something could and should be done to improve our fighting forces in the air. We have got to save ourselves, that is the only solution—*and we can do it.*

Only a Penny.

It is little good pointing out a fault if you cannot point to a remedy. To-day I mean to show you how you can change the whole face of the present situation. And in order to do so, let me take twenty large English towns and cities within the Zeppelin radius as an example. German air-craft have flown over all the places I shall take into calculation, with few exceptions, and those exceptions are within the scope of enemy activities—in the present disgraceful and deplorable state of our aerial home defences. London is, of course, by far the largest in point of population, but in no case is any one of the rest a "mean city." The total number of inhabitants is something over ten millions. I do not mention the names in view of the, rightly, stringent provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act. If each resident in these places would give but one penny piece, it would provide a sum sufficient to purchase or build one hundred fighting aeroplanes at a cost of £400 each—good fighting machines.

Would the People Subscribe?

There is not a man or woman amongst those millions who would refuse to subscribe the sum of one penny in order to save himself from midnight murder. As a matter of fact, the pennies have always come rolling in when needed—the widow's mite is never the last to tinkle in the collection box for any deserving cause. Now, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, prove yourself your great father's son; be a real thinker and doer of deeds, as he was! You are Lord Mayor of Birmingham; you recently inaugurated a self-defence movement, but in view of the meagre support you received from other local dignitaries, apparently allowed the matter to drop. Get your telephone to work, and again put yourself in communication with the Mayor of each of the great cities and towns in danger, and let each place *protect itself.* St. George's Day—Easter Sunday, April 23rd—is probably the most purely English day in the calendar. It is not far off. Fix St. George's Day for the collection, and if you and your fellow-mayors organise properly and work diligently, you will get the money to give every one of the twenty towns and cities a defending aerial force, with *five fighting machines* to be unceasingly on guard and ready for battle—and you, my Lord Mayor of Birmingham, will have left in hand £4,000 for incidental expenses. What better day could you have? What better deed could you do? Will you throw the whole weight of your great name—once the greatest name in England—and the whole force of your personality and of your high office, into doing this thing which the politicians shirk doing? Think of it—*one penny apiece from the people I have named will give Merrie England one hundred good aerial fighting machines with which to protect our women and children from assassination!*

Will the Twenty Mayors Help?

Yes, if they are real Englishmen; the Mayor who refuses must in heart be in sympathy with the Huns. This is not the time to mince phrases. The cities and towns are thrown upon their own resources; the Mayors are the recognised heads of the people locally. If ever Mayors had real duties, they have them now; if the German aircraft come and find any of them unready, those Mayors will be weighed in the balance by the English burghers—and God help the Mayors who are found wanting! The people have been asking for a practical scheme—for practical advice. Here it is, and it is within the power of all to help. The people will do their part, if the civic dignitaries do theirs. Many of the best aerial-craft manufacturers are idle for want of work; many of them have threatened to close down their workshops if the Government does not give them building orders. You can get the money from the masses on St. George's Day—the masses are always ready to help—and you can give the orders and protect your own residents. Are you afraid you cannot get Englishmen skilled in such matters to man those aerial birds of war? If so, you little know your countrymen. If you are short of good men I can flood you with them—men who will go up and fight the Germans in mid-air, and be glad and proud to have the opportunity.

Will You Lack Volunteers?

Do you think there will be any lack of volunteers to go round with collection boxes on St. George's Day for such a cause? There is not a maid or matron in any of the places I have specified who would refuse—for it means the salvation of the children and the bedridden. Think of it! For one penny, salvation from a brutal death. You have had flag days for France, for Russia, for Serbia, for Belgium, and for Ireland; now let us have a day for the women and babes of England. There is ample time for the twenty Mayors to organise all their forces before Easter Sunday—and remember each city and town will be working for its own safety, for its own property, and for the well-being of its own people. Don't wait on the Government. Damn the Government! It is out of touch with the people and the people's needs. "St. George for Merrie England!" is an old battle-cry; let it have a double significance this year.

An Appeal to "P.-B."

I have appealed to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham to start the scheme. And now I appeal to Mr. Pemberton-Billing to help to set it alight. If *he* could be induced to visit each of the towns in question and have one of his plain, straight, honest talks to the people, the thing would be done in no time. And then, perhaps, he would act as Expert Adviser to each of the Corporations—show them what to make and how to make it, and get them the pilots to do the job when next the Zepps. arrive—keeping faithful and unceasing vigil in the skies in the meantime. *That* would shame the Government into action—and, in the end, save the country.

Just think it over—"Only a penny"

FUTILE RESTRICTIONS.

FAILURE OF CONTROL BOARD'S EFFORTS.

By E. T. Good.

I was privileged a few months ago to write some articles for the press, in which I argued that the more the authorities interfered with public-house drinking the more they would promote private house drinking. We have had early confirmation of that view. In Sheffield the sale of spirits for home consumption shows a phenomenal increase. The licensed grocers have never had such a time as they are having now. From Liverpool it is reported that the diversion of drinking from the public-house to the homes of the people is engaging serious attention. Since the new regulations of the Liquor Control Board came into operation throughout the Merseyside district the home consumption of liquor has increased tremendously.

The fact, of course, is that you do not cure an evil by putting it out of sight. Every restriction on drinking in the public-house, where the supervision of both the police and the publican is exercised, is a premium on drinking in the private house. Take away a man's freedom to enjoy a glass of beer in a public-house, and he will have a barrel of beer and bottles of spirits at home, where not only himself but his wife can drink at any time.

Glasgow's Experience.

With four months' experience of the new regulations in the Clyde district, the *Glasgow Herald*, after full investigation, reported that there was more drinking in and around Glasgow than there was before any attempt was made to control the "traffic." The state of the streets aroused suspicion. Inquiry proved that there was an increase in the sales of spirits by the suburban shops. The increase in the consumption of these spirits was surprising, for there had been a reduction in the male population of Glasgow and district owing to the large number of men who had recently joined the Army and Navy. Licence-holders expressed the view that, owing to reduction of hours, customers consumed liquor much more quickly than formerly, and that had the effect of causing drunkenness more rapidly than if they took their drink in a leisurely fashion. There had undoubtedly been a considerable increase in the "off" or bottle trade. The police-court figures, making allowance for special circumstances, were remarkable. For example, without the special restrictions drunkenness rapidly decreased. In the first week in December, 1914, the apprehensions in Glasgow were 484, against 603 in the corresponding week of 1913. That was a decline of 119 without any interference. In the corresponding week of 1915 the apprehensions numbered 392. That was a decline of only 92 under the restrictions, in spite of the fact that not only had the male population been largely reduced by enlistments, but the police force had also been depleted by the same cause, which meant a lessened power of arrest. Add to that the fact that under the restrictions vastly more people got drunk at home, where they could not be arrested, and the failure of the new control system becomes striking. A few weeks ago, after six months' experience of the new rules, the Glasgow School Board received the reports of their Attendance Officers, who had been requested to note the results of the new system. Seventy-seven officers reported with regard to their respective districts. Fifteen reported an improvement; 43 reported no improvement; and 19 reported that the conditions had become worse.

The Futility of "Prohibition."

The facts, briefly and bluntly, are these: total prohibition is outside the scope of practical politics in any civilised, industrial country, where millions of men have to work among choking dust, distressing fumes, in intense heat, suffering unnatural and almost unquenchable thirst, for which there is no drink so good as beer. Prohibition may pass in some purely agricultural or semi-civilised country. Turkey is teetotal, and Turkey is the most bloodthirsty of nations. Teetotalism will never do for ordinary civilised, industrial, human folk. Failing to secure the whole loaf of prohibition, our teetotal cranks, eccentrics and mentally deficients, go in for the half loaf of restriction. For what purpose? So-called Temperance restrictions, always and everywhere, ultimately defeat their own object.

PROFITEERS AND PATRIOTISM.

MEAN ACTION OF PLUTOCRATIC TRADERS.

For years it has been the pride and glory of the Army and Navy Stores to pay a dividend of 300 per cent., and of the Auxiliary Stores to pay 60 per cent. Their directorate is positively luminous with the lights of the world. Peers, generals, admirals, colonels and other notables of war and peace jostle each other on the Boards of Management in the blessed boost of business—but when it comes to doing the patriotic thing, the just thing, the honourable thing by the widows or dependents of their employees killed in the service of the country, they refuse them even so much as a ha'penny from the Provident Fund to which the men have for years contributed a portion of their hard-earned wages. Not only so. This shining galaxy, who are making profits hand over fist and taking their directors' fees in that game without a blush of shame on the cheek of modesty, demand that those of their employees who are now called upon to join groups under the Derby Scheme shall cease their membership of the Provident Fund. This will deprive them and their dependents of any benefit or interest in the Fund's remaining balance of £100,000.

It is a dirty, discreditable, deplorable business for gallant and glorious three-hundred per centers to wallow in. That £100,000 no more belongs to the directorates of the Army and Navy and the Auxiliary Stores than the Crown Jewels. It no more belongs to the shareholders, oozing profits while their employees ooze bloody sweat in the hell of war, than the Koh-i-Noor. It belongs to the men who paid it in; to the men who have worked long hours behind their counters, and in their workshops and offices, and have saved it against a rainy day; it belongs to those who are sacrificing themselves on the altars of their country as cheerfully (nearly) as the gallant board and the shareholders take their fees and their 300 per cent. It is safe to say that there is not a single decorative general or admiral or colonel on the directorate of either concern who does not flag-wag and jaw-wag his ardent patriotic sentiments on every possible occasion. We can see his bosom swelling and his eyes blazing and his tongue perorating after dinner about our immortal heroes, our glorious country, and our righteous cause—and then going down to a directors' meeting the next morning to kick out of the Provident Fund of the concern the weeping, white-faced widows of the heroes who put into it, year by year, a portion of the wages of their toil. Conscription of men! Why do not the Government conscript some of the wealth of the bloated, dividend-making concerns of this country?

A TINKLING BELL.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF A BARONET.

It is a misfortune that a "captain of industry" like Sir Hugh Bell, Bart., should set himself in opposition to the commonsense of the nation, and his domestic relationship to a notorious peace crank will not alone suffice to explain the tactics he is pursuing. Here is a characteristic extract from a recent speech:—

> I have never viewed with jealousy Germany's prosperity, though I view with abhorrence the purpose to which she has put it. I hope, the war being over, the Germans (with the rest of the world) will rapidly become prosperous, and in that universal prosperity I see the best hopes for the future.

It is, on the contrary, in the defeat, and—we say it deliberately—the impoverishment of Germany that most of us see the only possible guarantee for the future peace and prosperity of the rest of the world. As Sir Hugh Bell admits, the past prosperity of the Huns has been put to an "abhorrent" purpose, and although the war may teach the enemy many lessons, we have no reason to suppose that it will radically alter the German nature. At any rate, we are taking no risks. It is the "universalism" of Sir Hugh Bell and his friends that has been the root of most of our past misfortunes, and under similar tutelage before the war we were undoubtedly heading for disaster. Sir Hugh's speeches indicate that in some influential quarters the grim lessons of the war are still unlearned. Though partly educated at Göttingen, Sir Hugh Bell evidently does not know his Germany, but his influence with his own countrymen is happily a spent force.

A "Bullets" First Prize will Buy you a House.

"MENTAL MARTYRS."

WE SECURE REFORMS AT THE BALDOVAN INSTITUTION.

From time to time, we have dealt with the grave conditions obtaining at the Baldovan Institution, at Dundee, a recognised asylum for children certified under the Mental Deficiency Act, and when last we wrote we were able to state that our disclosures were receiving the attention of the Scottish National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. We showed that in case after case children admitted to the Institution in a perfectly sound physical condition had become, after a few months' detention, completely broken down in health, the mere wrecks of their former selves. First, there was the case of little John Young, a Rutherglen boy, who after five months at Baldovan was found and medically certified to be in a state of "acute emaciation," suffering from "septic diarrhœa," and with "bruises all over the body." Scarcely less pitiful was the case of Edward Deane, an Aberdeenshire child, who after an even shorter stay at Dundee was afflicted with similar ailments and with "scabies on the arms, chest and head." In at least one instance death had resulted, and in these circumstances we demanded a searching official inquiry, meanwhile suggesting that as first steps on the path of reform a resident Medical Officer and an experienced Matron should be placed in charge of the Baldovan Institution.

OUR DEMANDS CONCEDED.

Our views in this regard were published on New Year's Day, and on January 25th the father of the child, John Young, received the following letter from the Secretary of the General Board of Control for Scotland, the central authority for the administration of the Mental Deficiency Act:

> I laid your letters of the 3rd and 14th inst. before a meeting of my Board held on the 19th inst., and in reply I was directed to inform you that the Board, as soon as their attention had been called to the prevalence of unhealthy conditions amongst the children in Baldovan Institution, took steps in virtue of their statutory powers to secure that the Directors of the Institution should appoint a resident Medical Superintendent and also an experienced Matron, with the result that a resident Medical Superintendent has entered upon his duties, and the Matron is to be appointed shortly.

Our disclosures had evidently done their work, and the General Board were at length aroused to some sense of responsibility for the lives and welfare of the children in their official care. It is clear, however, that, but for the publicity of our columns, the Board would have had no knowledge of the scandalous conditions obtaining at Baldovan, no arrangements having apparently been made for the effective inspection of establishments of this kind. We could scarcely have a more eloquent confirmation of our worst misgivings in regard to the administration of the Mental Deficiency Act.

A FURTHER FATALITY.

The aloof officialism of the General Board is perhaps less shocking than the callous indifference of the Directors of the Baldovan Institution, for whose cruel apathy there can be no vestige of excuse. They knew, or they ought to have known, that something very like an epidemic of septic diarrhœa, a malady associated with improper feeding, had broken out among the children in their care. As we write, the circumstances of still another fatal case are before us. In May of last year, an Argyleshire parent sent his dumb child, a boy of 11, to Baldovan, where, as he tells us, he was "led to believe the lad might learn something." The reports were favourable until September last, when the child fell a victim to the prevailing malady. On October 4th came the formal letter from the Matron preparing the parents for the worst:

> I regret to say that Duncan Forbes became very ill quite suddenly this forenoon. He revived for a few hours, but is looking very weak and exhausted this evening.

There was no mistaking the meaning of this message. A few hours later it was followed by a telegram to say that the boy was dead. Hastening to Baldovan, the father was conducted to the mortuary, but the body of the dead child was so wasted that, apart from some peculiarity in the formation of the foot, he would not have recognised it as that of his son. The cause of death was septic diarrhœa. At this date there was no Medical Officer at the Institution. If by our efforts we have rendered such tragedies impossible in future, as there seems every reason to hope and believe, we have not laboured in vain.

Don't be an Ostrich.

NEGRO NERVE.

AUDACIOUS AFRICAN'S ASTUTE APPEAL.

The Rev. William Hughes, formerly Principal of the African Institute at Colwyn Bay, with whose record our readers are familiar, seems to have fallen upon evil times, and his financial appeals to the religious and charitable public have lately been renewed in a variety of seductive forms. Upon the whole, however, we fancy that Mr. Oladipe Lahanmi, a former pupil at the African Institute and afterwards a medical student at King's College, London, W.C., is well able to make the running for his old chief in the begging-letter line, to judge from the following:—

> On the eve of my departure from home (Africa), my mother in her exhortations dismissed me with this text, which permit me to quote: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee," Psalm lv, 22. She urged me whenever I found myself in difficulties of any kind to lay my case before God, Who will surely help me out.

The writer goes on to explain in the best Hughesian manner that, having lately been in extreme distress, he has "called upon God incessantly," and is now "inspired" to try the fortunes of a begging appeal. "I have never mistaken the divine voice of my God," he adds, "and, therefore, I must speak with full confidence that you are listening." The upshot of the matter is that Mr. Lahanmi is short of the fees for his next medical examination, and, therefore, requests the trifling favour of an unsecured loan of £10 10s. It is not often that he is short of money, and, indeed, he is now "positive" that his quarterly allowance from Africa has gone astray with the mails of the s.s. *Appam*. In some ways the letter is a model of the mendicant's art, but in naming the Rev. William Hughes as a "reference," Mr. Oladipe Lahanmi has made a sad mistake.

NEWMAN GUEST AGAIN.

STANTONBURY VICAR'S ELEGANT EPITHET.

An old acquaintance, the Rev. Newman Guest, Vicar of Stantonbury, has been once more in trouble at Petty Sessions. This time it was not for smacking a little girl's face, but for using insulting language. His mark was a married man, with two children, a shopkeeper who has attested and wears an armlet. To this worthy man the reverend gentleman applied the epithet, "You d—— slacker," and repeated it several times. It was not the language one would expect from the chaste lips of a Clerk in Holy Orders. But the Rev. Mr. Guest is a law unto himself.

He admitted he had used the expression complained of, but claimed that he had done much to assist recruiting. For his violence on the present occasion he has to pay a fine of 20s. As he used the offensive expression, according to the evidence, at least four times, it seems that the Bench at Newport Pagnell prices a parson's swear-words at about a dollar apiece. Mr. Guest will perhaps consider his luxury rather a dear one.

A COOL REQUEST.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE BOBS UP AGAIN.

A. Harrison Ford, Secretary of the "Turf Register," Registered (where ?), private detective, *etc.*, late of Piccadilly, and recently writing from a flat in Powis Square, has not—as we anticipated when we dealt very fully and pretty plainly with him and his concerns—retired from his peculiar style, or styles, of business. He is again on the warpath, demanding "*re* exors. of Franklin White" the sum of £51 5s. from a gentleman on active service. "I regret to have to inform you," says Harrison Ford, "that you have been reported with regard to the above-mentioned default. Please remit the amount to this office within three days to obviate the necessity for registration and proceedings."

"This office" is the flat in Powis Square which, according to the notification under the bell-push, was a lady's residence. In any event, the sum asked for will not be forwarded, for the gentleman—whose surprise, when he received the request, was only equalled by his indignation—does not owe the money, never bets, and has never heard of White.

See Page ii. of Cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To H.I.M. The Emperor of Russia.

Your Majesty,—Allow me to convey to you—not merely as the Sovereign of a friendly people, but as the supreme Commander of the Russian Armies in the field—my warm congratulations upon the notable revival of your military fortunes. It was blind prophecy which declared that Russia had "spent her force," and that from the armed might of our Eastern Ally no further assistance was to be hoped. In Europe and in Asia your gallant troops are covering themselves with glory. At the turning of the tide, our hearts go out to your people in gratitude and goodwill. May your Empire become greater and more truly "holy" by the regeneration of this war. John Bull.

To General Luigi Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army.

Dear General,—Brief and breathless as was your recent visit to London, it was an event of high significance, and I trust that you have gathered satisfactory assurances of our warm goodwill. The accession of Italy to the Western Alliance has cemented the historic friendship between our two nations, and the sentiments of the British people towards the Italians were never warmer than to-day. Your brilliant military exploits upon the Austrian frontier have been followed in this country with the deepest interest, and we look forward with eager assurance to the ultimate triumph of your arms.

John Bull.

To General Johannes Smuts, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in East Africa.

Dear General,—Your recent dispatches are most encouraging, and I hope we may soon have news of the successful completion of your task. Your enveloping move in the neighbourhood of Kilimanjaro seems to have been a distinguished feat of arms, eminently worthy of your military reputation, and reflecting the greatest credit on all concerned. In the difficult task you have undertaken you have the warm good wishes of the whole British people. Please convey my cordial greetings to the various troops in your command.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Secretary of State for India.

Sir,—With keen indignation the public have heard your confession in regard to the scandalous mismanagement of the Mesopotamia campaign. Obviously, you could do no less than promise a full inquiry; but the investigation must be of a searching kind, and when the whole truth is discovered exemplary penalties must be imposed. As you value your reputation as a patriot and a man of honour, I beg you to institute the necessary proceedings without a moment's delay—if you are now quite well again. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Whitehall.

Dear Chancellor,—Have you noticed that the turnover of the Woolwich Co-operative Society last year was £2,000,000? Are you watching the Co-operative Societies at all, with a view to assessing them—in common with every other profit-making concern—for income tax? Why should they escape, and the little grocer round the corner, competing at every disadvantage, be roped in? Here's "some" revenue for you; why not tap it? John Bull.

To Arthur Steel-Maitland, Esq., M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

Dear Steel-Maitland,—One of the curiosities of Party politics is that whenever a man becomes a member of a Government, he imagines himself to be one of the indispensable pillars of the Empire. Thus I gather from your speeches that everybody who supports the Government is a patriot, and everybody who does not is either a pro-Germhun or a public malefactor. According to you, every Coalition candidate—and no other—stands for "a victorious issue to the war." However, while bunkum is bunkum I suppose it will always have its uses, and often effect its purposes.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, Foreign Office, London.

My Dear Charley,—I address you at the Foreign Office, but am not sure that I know where you are—any more than I know what you are. What is clear from recent revelations is that, though your colleagues in the late Government were not able to provide you with a seat, they had no difficulty in providing you with a job, and it is understood that you are at present something lucratively official in the foreign press-cutting line—a sort of snipping's bureau all by yourself. I say "understood" because, to be candid, you have become a first-class Parliamentary mystery; and when the other evening the member for Mansfield—who apparently wonders why, if the Government mean what they say about economy, they do not economise on you—put a number of questions as to your status and salary, Mr. Lloyd George "declined to furnish any information." On the whole, my dear Charles, you rather remind me of one of those public companies promoted during the South Sea Bubble "for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Latest news is that you are to come up again on the Consolidation Fund Bill; when I suppose somebody will move to reduce your salary by ninepence, with a view to elucidating your purport. Meantime, do not worry. Armed with a pair of scissors and a gum-pot, all is not yet lost.

John Bull.

To the Chairman, West Riding Council, Wakefield.

Dear Sir,—I am delighted to note the Council are taking a leaf out of the Government Book of Economy, and proposing to economise on the texts and principles therein so lucidly described. That is to say, the Official Bacteriologist is to have his salary reduced upward from £340 to £400, the Acting Medical Officer from £330 to £400, the School Medical Officer from £340 to £400, and the Chief Inspector of Weights and Measures from £325 to £350. At the same time, I am told the caretakers of the Council have instructions to cut down the gas, coal and coke, and to find their own buckets, mops, brushes, soap, soda and blacklead on a war bonus of from £1 to £1 10s. As the illustrious philosopher has it, "Take care of the caretakers and the well-paid officials will look after themselves." I am sure you will make the ratepayers' hearts rejoice. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, ex-Viceroy of India.

My Lord,—Your term of office as Viceroy of India will be long remembered not only for your wise and patient handling of different problems of administration, but chiefly, perhaps, for the wonderful rally of the Indian people to the cause of the Motherland, and for your capable marshalling of native resources in the military interests of the Empire at large. Of the wider aspects of your administrative policy it is too soon to speak, but upon one point the judgment of your contemporaries is unanimous. In a remarkable measure you have won the confidence and loyalty of the native races; and if there were no more than this to your credit, you would have made good your title to lasting honour. John Bull.

To R. Banks-Martin, Esq., Mayor of East Ham.

Worshipful Sir,—In the course of proceedings at the local Tribunal you are reported to have suggested to an East Ham baker applying for exemption that it would be a good thing if all the interned Germhun bakers—there are upwards of 4,000 of them, I believe—were "employed in baking bread for us, so that we could release our own men." With great respect, I hope not. They would probably put something extremely nasty in the dough. John Bull.

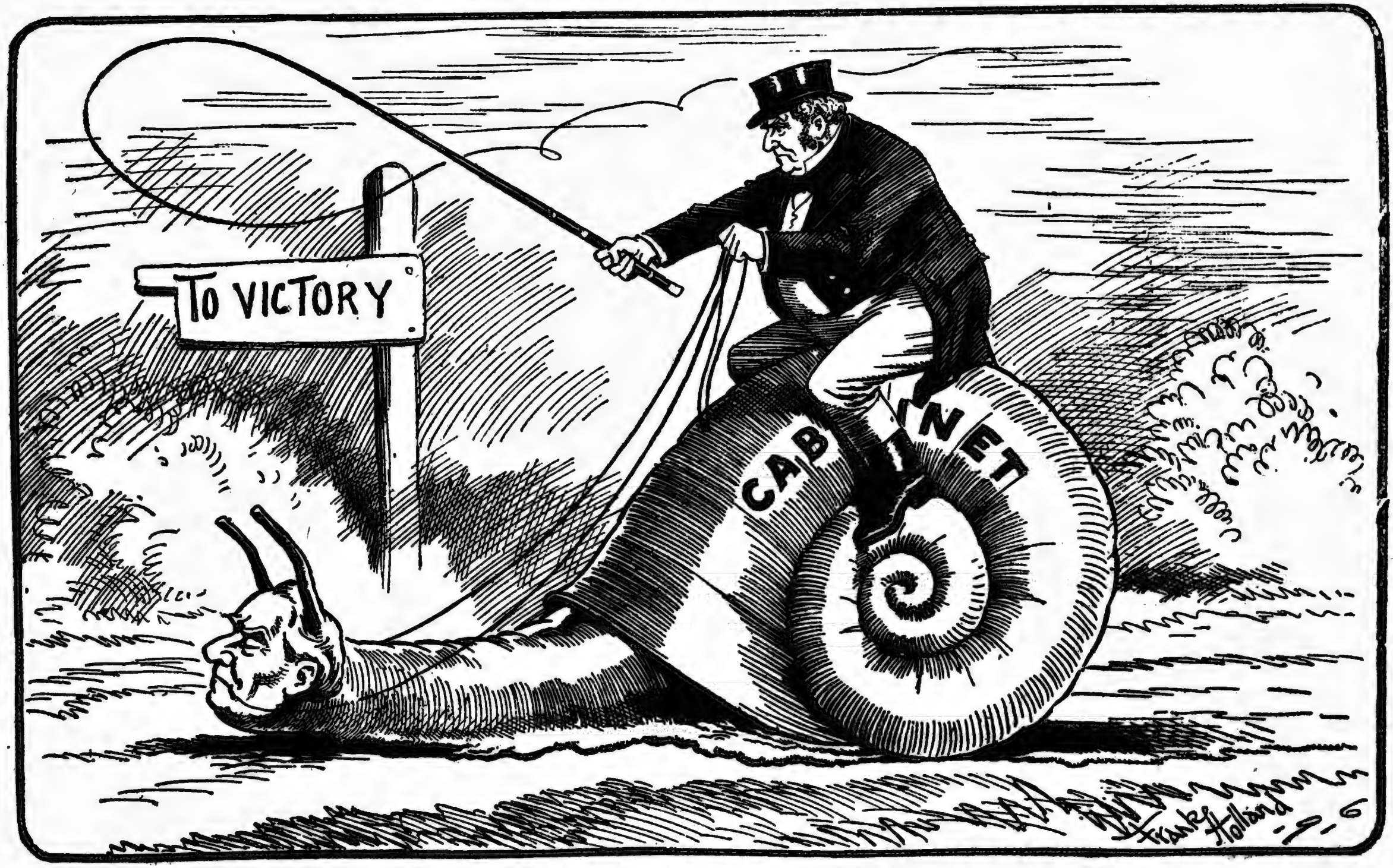
To the Chairman, Board of Guardians, Leicester.

Sir,—I am informed that you have appointed a Chinese gentleman as Resident Medical Officer at your Poor Law Infirmary, and as there are several obvious objections to the choice of an Asiatic for a post of this kind, involving personal attendance upon men and women, I am anxious to hear your reasons. I think I am right in saying that there was at least one qualified British applicant for the position, and I am wondering why his claims were rejected in favour of the yellow candidate. Perhaps you will drop me a line.

John Bull.

The Coupon on Page iii. of Cover may bring you £1,000.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.



THE PACE THAT KILLS.

The CHAPLAIN

loquacious.

"I get along very well with the boys. When they're a bit depressed I give them a cheery word and they seem to appreciate it. With the cheery word there goes a cigarette—one of Cavander's 'Army Club'—and it may be that the Cigarette helps us to understand each other so well.

"There's no doubt a good cigarette does make you forget the worries of the day, and I've never found one that is liked better than Cavander's 'Army Club.'

"It doesn't mean a great expense for me either, because the cost is only

9d. for 20

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB" CIGARETTES

Obtainable at all branches and kiosks of Finlay & Co., Ltd., and all other High-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

PROFITS OF PAUPERISM.

HOW THE POOR ARE "RELIEVED."

Under the beneficence of the Poor Law paupers are relieved, not only of their cares and distresses, but of any worldly goods they may chance to possess, and generally, we understand, it is to the Relieving Officer that this humane duty appropriately falls. In some instances, no doubt, it is a labour of love, but from certain disclosures at a recent meeting of the Medway (Kent) Board of Guardians it appears that occasionally it may be quite a profitable business. In one of the cases cited, a woman of unsound mind, admitted to the workhouse, was said to have been in possession of £14 4s. in money, but after eight days' detention in the lunatic ward this sum had been whittled down to £10 2s. 4d., which was returned to the inmate upon her discharge. The balance was accounted by the Guardians claiming 1s. 6d. a day for the woman's maintenance, £2 3s. 2d. going in "lunacy expenses," while in addition to these statutory charges the Relieving Officer, under the terms of his appointment, had received a commission of 7½ per cent. on the £14 4s., the polite fiction being that he had "collected" the money. In another case claiming the attention of the Board an old man who had died in the workhouse was found to have possessed £134, and this time the Relieving Officer's commission amounted to £9 15s. 3d. Perhaps under the terms of their agreement with the Relieving Officer the Guardians have no discretion in the matter, but it certainly seems a monstrous thing that a Poor Law official should be allowed for his personal profit to levy a tax of this kind upon the belongings of the poor, especially in cases where no actual "collection" has been required.

OLD SEVENTY-FOUR.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY NOT STRAINED.

The Treasury went to the trouble and expense of sending its Solicitor down to Leominster to prosecute a veteran of 74 for the alleged offence of wrongfully obtaining his Old Age Pension. They said he earned a regular 12s. a week; the old fellow said that, taking account of wet days when he could not work, half-days at 1s., absences through illness and other causes, his average earnings were not above 8s. weekly. As one of his little, easy tasks was swede pulling, paid at 2d. per 100 square yards of swedes, his figures certainly seemed reliable, and the charge, said the evidence of the only witness called for the prosecution, was the weakest he had ever heard. The amount wasted by the Treasury in prosecuting the old man would probably more than cover his pension for the rest of his days.

EVERYWOMAN'S

The paper which every woman is talking about to-day.

ONE PENNY. Every Tuesday.

CONSCIENCE CASES.

SMALL SELECTION FROM A BIG BATCH.

We have to thank readers from all over the country for sending us reports of the proceedings at the different Tribunals, but pressure on our space prevents us from commenting upon many pleas and decisions. We feel bound, however, to compliment the Rev. W. Harvey-Smith, of Long Sutton, upon the elasticity of his conscience. After "being busy assisting men who claimed exemption and giving much help," he coolly took his seat as a member of the Tribunal to adjudicate on such cases. Another reverend gentleman, Mr. Dunkerley, of Colchester, who spoke on behalf of several applicants, stated that, if he saw his daughter being assaulted, he would use physical restraint, but not a weapon. It is plain the Fighting Parson is not resident at Colchester. Ashton produced Mr. J. W. Salthouse, with five sons claiming exemption. One of these young gentlemen said his conscience would not allow him to prevent his mother or sister being killed, and continued, "I say the tongue is mightier than the sword. I rely on the Commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.'" By the time he had finished fighting Germans with his tongue, we should be sorry for the fate of his mother and sister. We deplore the solitary state of an applicant at Ogwen; he is single, has nobody dependent on him, but he is, alas, an orphan! His age is 34! And we feel there may be hope yet for a young man at St. Asaph, a conscientious objector, who affirmed that, if the enemy came over and ill-treated his relatives, he would shove the Germans downstairs, even if it killed them!

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"B. W." (Correspondent to the DAILY NEWS"):—

"A soldier's khaki coat buttons close up to the neck, and dispenses with collar and tie. . . . He has ONLY TO PUT ON HIS COAT to be 'DRESSED.'"

Mr. ALDERMAN CLARE (according to the "WALSALL OBSERVER" report of police-court charge):—

"The language is not fit to be heard in the town, or even across the fields; it is not fit to be HEARD if there was NO ONE THERE."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—

"While FISHING at Hendon yesterday a young New Zealander fell with his machine from a height of about 250 feet."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—

"On the 1st of June our bread was cut down again, TEN MEN IN A LOAF."

"PEARSON'S MAGAZINE":—

"There fell upon his ears the sound of doors opening and shutting; far below in the street the shrill NOTES of a cab-whistle GLITTERED through the air LIKE SPARKLING DROPS FROM A SUNLIT FOUNTAIN."

THE VERDICT.

His Lordship gave his kind consent,
The Court might smoke to their content,
And passed the packet round, Sirs;
Till all agreed with gay assent,
Threepence on Chairman Juniors spent
Is a bargain safe and sound, Sirs.

Everyone who tries them will agree with the verdict that Chairman Juniors at threepence a packet are a bargain. In quality and make they are excellent. It is only in size that they differ from the original Chairman Cigarettes, and they are made just the necessary degree smaller that they may be sold by all tobacconists at

3d. for 10.

All the value is in the cigarettes—there are no pictures or coupons with them.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

THE TRIAL OF CHAIRMAN JUNIORS. No. 6.

Begin Right

TO give your baby Nestlé's Milk *from the outset*—and not to "chop and change"—that is the proved best way of ensuring happy childhood and hardy manhood or womanhood.

Thousands of the splendid fighting men on whom our Empire now depends owe much of their strength and vigour to the Nestlé's Milk upon which they were reared in babyhood—need more be said!

The babies of to-day are born to tremendous responsibilities. Equip them to bear their burdens—make sure of sound health and fine powers of endurance by rearing them on

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Of all Grocers—cash price, 8d. & 4½d.

We have published under the title "**Proofs—not Promises**" a magnificent shilling **Album of Photos of 200 British Soldiers and Sailors** who were brought up as children on Nestlé's Milk. This splendid Album will be sent *post free* to any Mother, Doctor, or Nurse sending a postcard mentioning this paper.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

THERE IS NO OTHER LOW-PRICED TYRE TO COMPARE WITH THE PERICLES

We call it Pericles after Shakespeare's "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," because it is emphatically the prince of tyres at, or near, its cost.

Never forget that when you fit a Pericles you are fitting a tyre **made by the Dunlop Rubber Company**—you know what that means on the road.

In all standard sizes.

Covers—Wired-on - 5/3
Beaded edge - 5/6
Inner tubes - - - - 2/9

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY—CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

When you see a

BROOKS SADDLE

on a bicycle you know that one accessory at least is of the highest grade—when you see another saddle, well—think twice before you buy the bicycle

The BROOKS BOOK IS FREE—ASK US FOR IT

J. B. BROOKS & Co LTD
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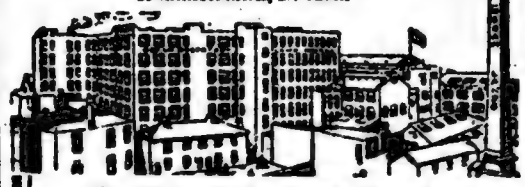
The Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London.



It is wrong to assume

that all electric lamps are alike. Some use a lot more current than others, give a very poor light, break easily, or burn out quickly. It is important, therefore, in buying lamps to ask for OSRAMS. They give the maximum of light at the minimum of cost in current.

Osram

DRAWN WIRE

Lamps

See that every lamp sold as OSRAM bears the words "G. E. C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

C. P. TREVELYAN, M.P.

'Ere, excuse me, but you can get outer thet chair jest as quick as you like. I refuse to shave yer. . . . *Do I know 'oo I am torkin' to?* Not 'arf, worse luck! You're the crank Hem Pee for Elland, and if you take my tip you'll go to Elland—*stay there*, haw-haw! . . . Now, it's no good you arguin' with me. I decline to touch yer. I'd sooner take on a contrack to shave the monkeys at the Zoo. . . . *W'y this abusive outburst?* This ain't no outburst. It's wot the lawyers call "a considered opinion." You know the way out. It's the same way as you come in. . . . *Ought to 'ave more respeck for a Member of Parliament*, ought I? Wot? 'Oo can 'ave any respeck fur a Member like you, wot got up in the 'Ouse larst week an' tried to excite symperfy fur a woman wot wos proved to 'ave bin a *h*intermit associate of a dirty, vile German spy? Tried to bring tears to the eyes of the 'Ouse, din'cher? Tried to make out she wos a pore, 'armless, ill-used creecher, becos the Guv'ment, fur safety sake, 'ad locked 'er up, instead of puttin' 'arf-a-dozen bullets through 'er, like wot they'd 'ave done in some countries. Tried to work up a weep fur a woman wot 'ad bin to Switzerland an' stayed at the same hotel with a slimy Hun spy wot 'ad *h*advocated assassination! Tried to work the pathetic stunt about a woman 'oo 'ad confessed she 'ad brought 'ome messages to the blighted Boche's accomplices in England! Wot! Tried the pity wangle fur a woman in 'oo's rooms wos found papers an' litrachure *h*advocatin' revolution an' murder? You swab! Are you British or wot? Are we at wore, or not? I've 'eard enough about chew before, with yer No-Conscription Fellership an' Stop the Wore Committee an' wot not. But this larst turn o' yours takes the top crust. 'Aven't chew got *any* natchrel patriotism in yer carcase? . . . It's no good you standin' there splutterin'. Wipe yer mouth an' make yerself look decent. Any customer comin' in might think I 'adn't finished you orf proper, an' me bizniss would suffer. . . . Oh, *I shell pay fur this*, shell I? I don't mind portickler if I do. We orl 'as to pay fur our pleasures sooner or later, an' this *is* a pleasure, to be able to tell a thing like you wot I think of it to its face. 'Ow didjer like the trouncin' F. E. Smith gave yer? 'Ow didjer injoy 'is *h*icy sarc an' 'is chilly perliteness wot must 'ave majer look like a garspin' worm squirmin' on the benches? Wish I'd bin there! . . . *Let chew parss?* W'y certn'y. Thet's wot I wancher to do, on'y you stand there shiverin' an' gibberin' like a I-talian organ-grinder's assistant on a cold day. Git a move on. Nothink will please me better. . . . *Consult the nearest pleeceman?* I would if I wos you. You'll find one on point at the corner. 'E may be able to tell yer w'ere you can git somethink to do you good. . . 'Ere, don't forget yer 'at! 'E's orf—like Elland Tommy! . . .

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE MARRIED MEN MUDDLE.

SERGEANT: Well, what do you think of Market Harborough now?

ARMLETEER: Rather surprised, after East Herts.

SERGEANT: That was a good win of Pemberton-Billing's, and he deserved it, in my opinion. But Gibson Bowles did not strike me as having quite such an attractive programme to work on.

ARMLETEER: Think not? I fancy I can guess your train of thought. As an old soldier, you think we married attested men are protesting a bit too much against our early call.

SERGEANT: Well, to tell you the truth, I do.

ARMLETEER: Personally I am not one of the protesters. But there is not the slightest doubt, to my mind, that the married groups have a genuine grievance; but, unfortunately, it is not easy to ventilate it without giving some people an impression that we are anxious to shirk the obligation we accepted. That is not the case.

SERGEANT: That is not very easy to believe, in the face of the present agitation.

ARMLETEER: Nevertheless, it's true. But the average married business man of thirty upwards in thousands of instances can see every prospect, in the existing confusion, of being called upon to abandon his business, his family, his home, all that he has worked hard for for years, *unnecessarily*. He is firmly convinced that if the recruiting or conscribing of the thousands of single men who are sheltering behind stars had been carried out in a strictly just and businesslike fashion, there would have been no need to warn men of responsibility and position, of thirty upwards, to prepare to sacrifice all they have striven for, and possibly life itself, while young men without dependents are to remain living in comfort and security.

SERGEANT: But a single man's life is as dear to him as a married man's is to *him*.

ARMLETEER: As an individual, yes. But he is not so firmly nor deeply rooted in the whole social, commercial, and religious fabric of the country. To tear up by the roots, so to speak, a responsible married man and wreck the whole structure of his family and business or profession is, I admit, a small thing in comparison with the hideous, wholesale slaughter which is drenching the Continent in blood as we sit here. But it cannot be denied that it leaves a deeper, more lasting and dangerous wound in the body politic than does the loss of a young man without responsibilities who gallantly offers his life for his country. Some people suggest that the married men are squealing. I think not. They are irritated by the confusion which promises to end in thousands of such losses as I have described.

SERGEANT: I don't doubt there is a great deal of truth in what you say, but naturally I take the soldier's view, which only admits physical unfitness as ground for standing back.

CATARRH DEAFNESS

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WISHES ALL SUFFERERS TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEMSELVES.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor, of Maxim gun fame.

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable, is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He has now cured himself by a simple home appliance, and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and now wishes that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

You may have been disappointed by other methods, but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation and would never attach his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that after a few minutes' use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and, read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery everyone can now utilise for their own benefit at a small cost.

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Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper, and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

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[ADVT.]

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"How's it done with 'baccy' rising in price?" ask the satisfied thousands who smoke a Last-Word Pipe. They tell us that it *saves a quarter of their tobacco*; gives a longer, cooler, sweet-to-the-end juice-free smoke; is not affected by wind or rain however heavy; and means REAL PIPE-JOY to them. It is the only smoke allowed at night in the trenches or on board ship, because it shows no light.

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Entrance opposite Maxim's Restaurant.

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POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book, "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention, and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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Prices in pleasing Green Shades:—

25"	32"	36"	38"	40"	42"	45"	48"
7½d.	8½d.	9½d.	10½d.	1/0½	1/2½	1/4½	1/6
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1/7½	1/8½	2/-	2/3	2/6	2/11	3/3	3/11

Large quantities now in stock, but send at once. Orders 10s. and over carriage paid, under 5s. not accepted. **HADLEY BROS. (Dept. B3), The Lancaster House, Burton-on-Trent.**

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THIS famous surgeon of Leeds, Yorks, during 40 years' research and experience in large skin practice, made a discovery of inestimable value for the treatment of the skin; this property Dr. Pogson incorporated in preparations for the cure of all skin affections, and proved his treatment to be the most effectual that medical research has ever produced.

For the smallest eruption and the most serious skin troubles, these preparations will be found the safest and quickest cure in the world, and when tried will very soon produce wonderful results. The Pogson property has a beautifying effect on the healthy skin, and the constant use of the soap ensures a clear and fragrant complexion.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. and 3s.
Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap for perfect Skin Beauty, 1s.
Sold at all Branches Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Boot's Cash Chemists; also leading Chemists, or direct from Pogson, Hulton, Leeds.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Our Fund has friends in the most distant parts of the earth, and we now wish to thank an anonymous donor in New York, who induced her acquaintances to help her to provide a substantial box of clothing and other necessaries for our war sufferers. As JOHN BULL is widely read in New York, we feel sure this expression of sincere thanks will come under the notice of our kind friends.

A soldier's wife, herself a cripple, had her only child very ill and in the hands of the doctor. The daily visits meant 2s. 6d. each, which was a big strain on a weekly allowance of 17s. 6d. We have relieved her burden.

A widow surrendered her only boy to the Service. When he was leaving she gave him her blessing and good wishes. The lad is still at the front. When he went she was able to keep herself, but last Christmastime her health began to fail, and the other day she had to give up the struggle—with the usual result. We looked into the case and took the necessary steps.

A man came from Rhodesia to offer his services to us, paying passage for himself, wife and child, though while with General Plumer in the South African War he had been struck in the left arm by an explosive bullet. Soon after his arrival in London he was mounting a 'bus when it suddenly started, the man's arm being so wrenched as to reopen the old wound. He had to enter a hospital, where, we regret to say, his arm had to be amputated. We gave the poor fellow help, but now his wife and child are in a strange land, suffering much distress. We seldom make appeals for individual cases, but we ask for money for the benefit of this poor fellow and his wife and young child. Any sums earmarked for the purpose will, we need hardly say, be judiciously administered by us.

The wife of a fireman on a Government ship was very seriously ill, and her pecuniary circumstances were also distressing. The case was amply proved to us, and we took immediate steps to provide relief—as we invariably do in appeals concerning the dependents of our bluejackets, who are such generous contributors to our Fund.

The wife of a soldier lost her child through death, and another lay dangerously ill. The catastrophe spelt financial ruin for the poor woman, and when her case was brought before us we acted promptly.

A reserve bluejacket, who rejoined the Navy when war broke out, while on Christmas leave was killed through falling out of a train. In the circumstances his wife, whom he was on his way to meet, was entitled to no money from the Admiralty, and the Dock Labourers' Union—to which he belonged and paid his dues—refuse any relief. The unfortunate widow in her trouble wrote to us, and we responded as usual.

Through the week we had the customary number of men who broke down under training at home, the majority being afflicted with consumption and unable to accept even the lightest work. We gave them such relief as we could.

A mother has a soldier boy in the trenches. Some weeks ago her husband was stricken with a severe illness. No money was coming into the house, save the 3s. 6d. a week dutifully allotted by the boy out of his pay. It looked as if the home was going to be broken up, but we prevented this.

A widow gave her only two sons to the Service; the younger one, 20 years old, was wounded in battle and died. Now she has merely the allotment of the other boy—3s. 6d. a week—with which to pay rent and provide food and necessaries. When the case was brought before our notice we acted at once on behalf of the supporters of our Fund.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Few Well-wishers on s.s *Clan Macbeth* (per J. R. P.), 13s.; "Thistle," 2s. 6d.; "Philip," 2s.; "Stickey," 2s.; F. W., 1s.; "Regular Reader" (Brighton), 1s.; "Merchant Service," 1s.; W. D., 3s. 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "Doris Abel," 1s. 6d.; "Hanley," 1s.; "Anxious Mother," 1s.; "Weekly Collection, C.P.S." (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; A. P., 1s.; S. I. (Edgbaston), £1 1s.; "Collected in Corporals' Mess, Portsmouth" (per T. M.), £1 5s.; F. R., 1s.; R. N. T. (Glasgow), 10s.; "Ace of Spades," 1s.; "A Soldier's Mother," 1s.; T. B. (Manchester), 2s.; J. L. W. (Finsbury Park), 10s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; S. Y. A. M., 1s.; "Beachy," 2s.; A. S. Sgt. N. (France), 5 francs; L. F. W., 4s.; R. F., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. H., 5s.; "Renie and Teddy," 1s.; V. T. C., 2s. 6d.; W. J. K., 1s.; W. E. D. P., 1s.; W. H. C., 1s.; A. B., 1s.; Mrs. W., 6d.; "Lest We Forget," 1s.; "A Radical of the Right School," 6d.; W. P., 1s.; J. P., 6d.; R. P., 2s. 6d.; "A Lenten Offering," 1s.; "Vulcan," 1s.; "Le Rire," 2s. 6d.; E. A. S. (St. Vincent), 5s.; "Madge," 4s.; "Derwent," 1s.; "Soldier W. E.," 1s. 6d.; "A Derbyite," 2s. 6d.; N. S., 2s.; J. H., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; W. S., 6d.; A. R., 2s.; "A Shoemaker," 2s.; "JOHN BULL Reader," 2s. 6d.; H. S., 15s.; M. A. N., 2s.; "Hope," 5s.; "Subscribed by Messrs. J. and E. H.'s Workmen, Devonport" (per W. B), £2; A. N., 3s. 6d.; J. F., 1s.; T. B., £5; "Work Like Hellen B. Happy," 1s.; "Gwelo," 1s. 1d.; "Result of Hair-Cutting Fund and Collection on s.s. *Phemius*" (per E. J. P.), £3; "Nemo," 1s.; J. C., 1s.; A. W. M., 2s.; "Pay Sergeant," 5s.; "Hollins Cross," 10s.; H. W., 1s.; W. S., 10s.; S. J. A., 1s.; W. G. B., 2s.; H. H., 2s. 6d.; E. M. H., £1; W. A. E., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

Mr. J. Heather, the winner of the first prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 179, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mr. Whitewick, "The Bell" Temperance and Commercial Hotel, 3, Cornhill, 4s.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. Jones, "Bay Horse Hotel," Corporation Street, 3s. 1½d.; Mr. J. T. Beckett, Smithfield Market, 3s. 3d.; Mr. G. F. Fannon, "Falstaffe Hotel," Market Place, £1 2s. 3d.; Mr. J. J. McNeil, "Castle Hotel," Oldham Street, 3s. 1d.; Mr. T. J. Hewitt, "Crown Hotel," Blackfriars Street, 2s. 10d.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Wanderson, 3, West Richmond Street, 4s. 1d.

LLWYNPIA.—Mr. G. Williams, "Haulfryn," 16, Beru Road, 4s. 3d.

TRING.—Capt. Hocking, A.S.C., Halton Camp, 4s. 6d.

LONDON.—Mr. A. Roberts, "Carpenters' Arms," 105, King's Cross Road, W.C., 3s. 3d.; Mr. E. H. Westley, "Lord Lyndhurst," Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, 2s. 10d.; Mr. F. T. Bailey, 15, Lismore Circus, Haverstock Hill, 2s. 7½d.; Mr. H. Burden, "Butchers' Arms," 256, York Road, 2s. 7½d.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 7s. 3d.; Mr. C. E. Marshall, "The Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, 3s. 7½d.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark," 322, Roman Road, Old Ford, 11s. 6d.

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The cause of the trouble is often nothing more than Indigestion, which brings palpitation of the heart, a disordered nervous system, and mental unrest.

An excellent thing to counteract sleeplessness is a cup of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk taken before retiring. It nourishes the body, soothes the nerves, and is so easily digested that it can be taken even by the most delicate without the least fear of disagreeing. In all cases of Insomnia and Nervous Dyspepsia it is extremely beneficial. It is made in a moment, hot water only being required.

TESTIMONY.—"I have been compelled to abstain from taking tea, coffee, and various kinds of cocoa now for over eight months. I can truly say that your Cocoa and Milk has simply worked wonders with me. I have always been able to retain it, and have found it most soothing and satisfying, and of the greatest assistance in promoting sleep."

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A Trial Tin of Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free for 3d. Mention JOHN BULL and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.

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STOP PULLING GREY HAIRS.

"Every hair on your head is numbered."
"Every hair pulled out is—lost for ever."
DR. EMILE ROUSSEAU.

Dr. Emile Rousseau (a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty, and now attached to the French Army Medical Corps) has discovered how to make every grey hair recover its lost natural colour. This method does not "paint on," but restores each hair from the centre outwards. The method used by all Royal Court and other leading hairdressers is simple and inexpensive. Anyone can use it. No one can tell you have used it. People will, of course, say: "Why, how much younger you look." But they won't know how or why—unless you tell them. Colour lasts, too. No unnatural metallic glitter.

Washing, Shampooing, Rain, Sunshine, even Perspiration or Turkish baths, make no difference to the "Inecto" restored colour. Brushing curling, waving, lotions brilliantines and dressings only improve the treatment. Read the Treatise descriptive of Dr. Rousseau's wonderful discovery. You will learn how to look—and feel—years younger. You can again take your place among the "not-too-old." Write for copy of treatise (stating if for lady or gentleman), sent gratis and post free in plain sealed envelope, to

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HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

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MEDICAL TREATISE & CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE—FREE

A WONDERFUL discovery has been made which completely cures all blood diseases without the use of poisonous ingredients or dangerous metallic substances.

On writing to the address below you will be sent—under plain cover, free from observation—a medical treatise fully describing these complaints and their cure.

This treatise will be sent to you gratis and post free, together with a special chart, which, if you fill it up, entitles you to free confidential advice.

Remember, this is a perfectly harmless remedy, which cures the most terrible troubles, whatever the name or nature of the disease.

Amongst the blood disorders completely cured by this treatment are:—

Eczema, Anæmia, Ulcers, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, Sores, Eruptions, Poisoned Blood, Psoriasis, Lupus, Bad Legs, Carbuncles, Piles,

and other disorders, whether acquired or inherited.

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Dec. 7, 1915.

I have suffered with Gouty Eczema on my hands for over 12 years, and have at different times been under the care of six doctors including one specialist in skin disease. I have used a quantity of medicine and ointment without any relief whatever. I considered my case incurable until I used the Domigo treatment. I am now delighted to say I feel well and happy again. I think no praise too great for Domigo. I am very grateful for the relief and would recommend it to anyone suffering as I have done.

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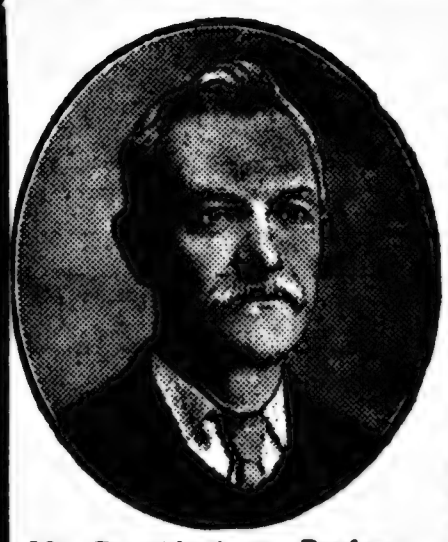

Mr. Blatchford, co. Durham.

Mr. William Blatchford, a miner, who lives at 12, Swinburn Terrace, Dipton, co. Durham, says he had suffered for no less than twenty years from a most severe form of asthma, brought on, he believes, by the smoke and dust of explosives used in mining. At times he was so choked up that he could hardly get his breath, and was actually afraid to go to bed for fear of choking altogether. At all times his breathing was difficult, but when the attacks were on he was positively gasping for breath. Of course, he kept trying to find a remedy. He had medical treatment, he says, and used all sorts of burning herbs and other preparations; but nothing brought any real relief. Then he heard people talking about Veno's Lightning Cough Cure and the wonderful cures it had effected, so he got some to try, and the result is that he is cured. He says: "I cannot praise Veno's Lightning Cough Cure enough for what it has done for me. I could hardly get my breath sometimes, and the trouble was always worse at night; often I dared not go to bed for fear of suffocating, and even to walk out in the open air used to choke me up. But now I enjoy the best of health, and it is all through Veno's. Nothing but Veno's cured me. I think it has been sent to me as a blessing from heaven. I have told scores about it, and shall do so as long as I live. It is a wonderful medicine, unequalled, and a cure for all who try it."

SIXPENNY BOOK FREE—Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address:—Box 252, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Best Remedy for:—

COUGHS AND COLDS,
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ASTHMA,
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Larger sizes 1 3 and 3/-, of Chemists and Stores the world over, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

INSIST ON HAVING VENO'S AND REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

SHEER MESS.

One of our staff was at Sheerness the other day. In normal times, in that delectable place, the cry is periodically raised that the town is dangerously overcrowded; it is much worse now. We will not particularise, but feel bound to suggest that the name of the place be altered to Sheer Mess.

THE NUT IS ANNOYED.

The "nuts" who have hearkened to the voice of Lord Derby are kicking because, according to King's Regulations, they must not shave the upper lip, but must appear on parade with a face fungus of some sort. Shoals of them have written to us, but we cannot, of course, abrogate the regulation. We hope that later on there will not be a general Order forbidding low shoes, polychrome socks, and turned-up trousers.

THE QUEEN MARY GIFT.

Although so late in the day, we continue to receive hosts of complaints regarding the non-receipt of the gift sent by Queen Mary to each man in the Army. Regiments, brigades, and even whole divisions, have been left without the gracious present—with the result that there is very sore feeling in many parts of the field. This is a repetition of what happened when Queen Victoria sent boxes of chocolate to the troops in South Africa. What has become of the missing gifts we cannot say, but would respectfully suggest that in future, in order to prevent ill-feeling being aroused, such friendly offerings should be withheld by the royal donor and that instead a letter of cheer and good wishes be read on all parades.

THE SPOILED EGYPTIANS.

The boys in Cairo complain of the outrageous prices charged by the Egyptian natives. Two locally-grown oranges cost 2½d. English, and for the same sum Tommy may obtain a couple of halfpenny cakes, or a small bottle of bad native lemonade, or a dozen walnuts. On the whole, the Gippies are doing well—for themselves.

MORE ABOUT EGYPT.

We recently complained that our sick and wounded in the Egyptian hospitals are in some places being looked after by ignorant native orderlies. We are, naturally, in sympathy with the numerous ladies of the V.A.D. who have approached us, stating that they offered to go out and do orderlies' duties for nothing, but were turned down by the War Office.

A PRIM PARSON.

Some time ago we had a few words with the Rector of Sevenoaks in regard to his insulting suggestions concerning Mr. Atkins, and his demand that all young women should remain indoors after dark. He is now endeavouring to induce the Local Government Board to annul the permission given by the Sevenoaks U.D.C. to the soldiers to kick footballs in the recreation grounds on Sunday afternoons. His statement that the small privilege has created a sore feeling in the town is bitterly resented. The grounds are not in his parish, and we trust the L.G.B. will reply telling him to mind his own business.

FOR THE MOTOR DRIVERS.

At Hounslow there is a contingent of the Motor Transport Service, A.S.C. The wisdom of the Medical Department ordains that men must be physicked, willy-nilly. If the matter were left to the men themselves, they would not be dosed. But the stuff, costing about a penny an ounce, is placed in their tea. The Tommies in question finished a hard day's work and were awake and about all night. We think the Medical-Officer-in-charge should look into the matter, in order to prevent a repetition of the occurrence.

ANOTHER BELTON PARK GROUSE.

We are glad to know that our recent remarks about Belton Park Camp resulted in big improvements. We would now like the authorities to look into the food question, and while doing so to decide whether 150 tea basins are sufficient for the needs of the three hundred men of No. 7 Company in K Lines. We do not take exception to one of the Captains parading his men and warning them not to write to JOHN BULL, but expect him to fulfil his promises to consider—and if necessary remedy—complaints. At present, statements of grievances do not appear to get past the Sergt.-Major.

TOMMY'S INSURANCE.

We are talking about the moratorium for rent and other necessary items of expenditure in civil life. A large proportion of the men who go out to fight for us are insured. After each battle numerous soldiers are reported "missing"—few can say whether they have been killed or become prisoners of war. Naturally, the War Office cannot give a death certificate in such cases, its latest form merely stating "Your husband (or other relative) has been missing from ———. Having regard to the lapse of time, we conclude that he died on ——— (the same day) or on a later date." It is hard on the widows to have to continue paying the premiums, having regard to their scant allowances—especially as all but the most sanguine are convinced that the poor fellow is dead, and that, therefore, instead of paying premiums, they should be receiving the capital sum. Will the Government pay those premiums, pending a final decision regarding the fate of the men? If not, will they keep an eye on Insurance Companies, with a view to securing that the premiums paid from the date when the men are officially reported missing are added to the amount due and payable on the death of the soldiers?

HEAVEN HELP HIM!

We have had a groan concerning the 3rd Border Regiment. In May, 1915, a man was appointed by his Colonel Acting Corporal. In July he went to France, but was sent home as he was not wanted. In August he was taken on the strength of a battalion, in the same rank. In November he was made Lance-Sergeant. He performed all the duties of his appointment, and naturally drew his pay. Now he is told that he is £13 2s. 8d. in debt—and is reverted to Private, simply because whoever appointed and promoted him did not fill in the necessary forms. The fault is not the man's; but this case is one of many which clearly exhibit the rottenness of the whole British service where appointment and pay are concerned, and particularly in the A.S.C.

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. T. Ryan, 15627, A Co., 6th Yorks Regt.; L.-Cpl. S. Bailey, 13356, 4th Worcestershires; Cpl. G. R. Charlton, 1662, 1-9 Line, D.L.I.; Pte F. Purkis, 9785, C Co., 10th Hants Regt., M.E.F.; Pte. W. Chalk, 8338, D Co., 2nd N.F.; Pte. C. J. Stone, 3194, D Co., 8th R. W. K.; Sergt. A. Potts, 580, D Co., 6th N. F.; Sergt. J. Bolton, 10110, 12th West Yorks; L-Cpl. Geo. Williamson, 2842, C Co., 4th Gordon Hdrs.; Gr. Millard, 41177, R.F.A.; Pte. W. H. Barker, 1511, B Co., 1-5 Lincolnshires; Pte. W. C. Hart, 11 Section, 7 Platoon, 4th Batt., 1st Infantry Bde., Canadian Overseas E.F.; Pte. J. Young, 11865, C Co., 9th Scottish Rifles; Pte. E. Fitch, 14709, C Co., 10th Hants Regt.; Pte. F. Crouter, 10774, C Co., 6th Lincolnshires; Cpl. B. Stoneham, 12344, 9th Devonshires; Pte. Wm. Twaddle, 2719, K.R.L.; Pte. H. F. Gurney, 14423, A Co., 9th Welsh Regt.; Pte. J. H. Harding, 7973, W Co., Maxim Gun Section, 1st N. F.; Pte. J. Kelly, 17668, A Co., 1st L. N. L.; Pte. Slattery, 5401, C Co., 2nd East Yorks; Pte. W. Bidwell, 24876, D Co., 21th Rifle Brigade.

70 Cigarettes for 1/- a week (instead of 1/9½)

"My weekly supply from Home."

10 Cigarettes every day

Your boy at-the-Front needs smokes every day, and you pay too much for what you send him.

Write to Martins for a booklet which tells how you can give him 10 Woodbine Cigarettes every day for 1/- a week, or 100 Wills' Gold Flake Cigarettes for 2/6 a week.

The parcels are sent post-paid and duty-free.

This is the cheapest, the quickest, and the safest way.

Mention "John Bull" when you write for the Free Booklet to:—

267

Martins
6 Doors from Piccadilly Circus
210. Piccadilly.
London. W.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE EDITOR'S BIRTHDAY.—The Editor returns hearty thanks for the greetings—in many cases accompanied by dainty little gifts—which reached him from readers on the occasion of his 56th birthday, March 23rd. By a happy coincidence, he was presiding that day over the annual meeting of the shareholders in JOHN BULL" and declaring a substantial dividend.

D. C. (Castleren, Ireland).—Most grateful for the sprigs of shamrock so kindly sent. While wearing *the* green we were sorely tempted to invite all and sundry to tread on the tail of our coat.

S. J. V. (Haslar Hospital) asks us to name the red-headed M.P.s. Presumably they are the "Ginger" groups we have read so much about lately.

"A WHITBY LASS" (Llanishen) says she used to meet us when she was a schoolgirl. Ah, the happy days of childhood!

MARY MC'I. (Manchester).—We fear the Government are more likely to attempt to reduce than to increase the Old Age Pensions.

G. C. (Camden Town) suggests that had the husband of the lady who was lately killed by a Zeppelin bomb "known how to keep his house in order and his spiritual beliefs, probably the good lady would have been spared." What a devilish creed!

S. A. S. (Bristol) recommends the closing of *all* the museums, including the Houses of Parliament. And what about the Law Courts?

A. B. H. (Leeds).—The inclusion of the words "Ich Dien" on the badges of certain regiments must be detrimental to recruiting to the same. It is insulting to ask men to fight for Britain under a German motto.

T. T. (Thirsk).—You write, "Poor Pemberton-Billing, since he is Bottomley's friend he is in a fair way to become a political humbug." In view of the East Herts election and his parliamentary activity, would you care to move any amendment to the above ludicrous statement? But there, we will not gloat.

"FAIRPLAY" (In Hospital) would like us to tell the Rev. F. B. Meyer that "there is more Blaspheming at the Front over a Church Parade than one ever hears in a Canteen." What would it be if the Rev. F. B. himself acted as chaplain? Our imagination boggles at the bare idea.

H. P. R. (S. Ealing).—Few patriotic householders possessed of cuckoo clocks, once they are informed that those irritating contraptions are made mainly in the Black Forest of Germany, will care to be reminded hourly of the timepieces' Hunnish origin. Let them be *strafed* with the coal hammer.

C. M. (Stoke Newington) writes: "I have yet to be convinced that there is anything to equal Beer for a working man if pure." Quite so. But the trouble is all working men are not pure.

"OCTOGENARIAN" (Dormans).—You are mistaken, rev. sir. We do not deal out indiscriminate abuse to the members of your profession. When our attention is called to a worthy clergyman we are only too pleased to praise him.

E. W. (Mt. Vernon, N.Y.).—Beyond a doubt, the Germhuns in British internment camps have a great deal of liberty of talk as well as movement. Comparatively, they are on cushions.

"VOICE OF THE FLEET" (Naval Signaller).—"Horatio is a man of fame, The only one capable to run a war game, Half the nation looks on with helpless plea, For this man at once to be put to the top of the tree." Sir, you bring a blush to the cheek of modesty.

"LONDON SCOTTISH" (S.W.).—A soldiers' and sailors' petition to the King would probably not be allowed.

W. F. (Gorton) is getting sick of our "tales of the shortcomings of the Government." Hope his head is not as weak as his stomach.

C. S. (Edinburgh).—No doubt thousands of men, as yourself, have been misled under the Derby scheme.

"MUNITIONS" (Coventry) suggests the Ford Motor Car Works at Manchester should be commandeered for munitions. Mr. Lloyd George will please note.

A. F. L. (Gosport).—Mr. John M. Robertson, called by the *Chronicle* "a theorist and an intellectual," says "Germany must not be penalised by a trade war." Your view is that Germhun trade must be absolutely throttled—and we are backing you against the "theorist and intellectual."

"BOGNOR."—Mr. White, the Bognor Councillor who said the soldiers in England are only kept for ornament, was merely jealous. He knows that is not the reason England keeps him.

J. S. (Blackheath).—Paper famine bars poetry, so cannot use verses about the 60 duties a Special must do before he gets his boots and coat. A man who has done 59 duties without equipment is tough enough to go on without it, if he isn't in the mortuary! So say your merry rhymes.

"CONCERNED."—You know a Controlled shop where the men go to sleep after entering, night-work men sleep after the foreman has been round, and get double pay, and where a man who worked 15 hours, booked and was paid for 58. These being single men, they should "go" before the married. Why not give the facts to the fountain head? No doubt you saw our recent par on the point.

"ILEX" (Liverpool).—After you had been twice torpedoed in one trip on Navy Service, the Department would not fulfil its promise to make good your loss of effects. The generous behaviour of the owners does not excuse a breach of faith.

"OSWALD."—If two ladies of Germhun parentage are "at the head of the lady clerks at the local Admiralty offices," the Admiralty ought to be *strafed*.

"CHICKLEWOOD."—The Rev. Mr. Muntz, of Upper Holloway, who told of "a small shop in a very poor neighbourhood where between £900 and £1,000 was spent in one day on cheap ornaments and trashy jewellery," has already eaten his words. He admits the money was not spent as he said, only some of it. It was one of those bad "mistakes" made by garrulous goody-goods.

"SON OF FREEDOM" (Gwelo, S. Rhodesia).—He should have ordered the beer at the time he ordered his meal. "Piffling legislation" is right!

"CLAREMONT" (Blackpool) wants us to call a meeting in Hyde Park to demand that the King shall dismiss his Ministers. Really, we must give somebody else a chance to do his bit.

W. K. L. D. (Wandsworth).—'Twixt you and us and the polling booths, we don't mind admitting that the British public is sometimes not only a many-headed, but also a muddle-headed beast.

T. H. (Old Hill) offers himself as a Dictator. No objection to his starting to dictate forthwith.

"SECUNDUS" (Cheltenham).—"When this present Lord Chancellor retires, I presume he will receive a pension of £5,000 a year." It is no presumption.

"KA RA" (Cardiff) says we are a spoilt child, and will be crying for the moon next, because we voiced the want of a "new religion." Anyhow, in the meantime we are not crying for any more incoherent letters from "Ka Ra," who seems to think any old religion will do.

S. K. N. D. (Worthing).—No, the advantage of a dentistry qualification is (presumably) a protection to the public. As a rule, a Guy's man who fails to qualify does so because he can't, not because he considers the £21 fee "a swindle."

G. W. G. (Acton).—We are sure the manager of the Munitions Factory in question would be entertained, if not instructed, to learn that in your opinion "he is as fine a sample of the Prussian tyrant as ever sucked embalmed mysteries through a sausage skin."

J. P. (Bootle).—Lord Derby was not the originator of the Group Scheme.

W. R. (Machen).—"What was the average value per head of the German population" before the war? In our opinion, no value at all.

"DOUGLAS" (Canterbury).—"I particularly request that Mr. Bottomley shall see this letter, and shall write or make a personal call until——." You make us shiver and shake in our shirt.

"A LITTLE MAID OF ALL WORK" (Lenton).—We would give all little maids of all work—and big maids, too, for that matter—a weekly half-holiday if it were in our power.

"SALVATION ARMY BANDSMAN."—As you have to join up, so also should the "lot of young captains and lieutenants doing simple office work, who have been excused because General Booth is pleased to call them ministers." The S. A. is the wrong army for them.

T. C. (Victoria Street).—Agreed that the letter you send is "an ingenious suggestion for diverting excess profits taxes." But were we to publish it, it would show unscrupulous tax-dodgers what to do.

MR. G. E. JELLICOE (of Messrs. Lawrence and Jellicoe, Ltd., 34, Henrietta Street, W.C.) is naturally desirous that the public should understand that he is in no way connected with the E. G. Jellicoe, "Sir John Jellicoe's cousin," to whose unpatriotic utterances in America we recently referred.

Hundreds of Thousands are using the "John Bull" Pen.

"SPORTSMAN"—We are sorry we have no space at present for a Racing Coupon. What shall we do with your shilling postal order—hand it to our Soldiers' Fund?

Miss R. (Liverpool).—So you have "by Nature a Gift of Dreaming true Dreams." So had the Irishman who got up in the middle of the night to eat the loaf so as to make sure of it.

A. M. (Lewisham S.E.).—There is no such thing in English literature as "Prose-Poetry" but there is a great deal of prose masquerading in the form of verse. Shakespeare was both poet and dramatist.

"AMETHYST" (Chatham).—Provided it is declared as such, horseflesh may legally be sold for human consumption in the British Isles.

F. B. (Camberwell).—You are not by any means the only Brown who has sent us the circular of Graham, Roberts and Co., addressed from Argyll Chambers, 106, Charing Cross Road, offering for 5s. to give you all the information in their possession "regarding a sum of money due to the heirs of the late Thomas Brown." After a visit of inquiry by the police, the people running the ramp appear to have scooted—and letters now arriving for them are returned to the senders.

"BULLITE" (Liverpool).—Bravo the "Liverpool citizen" who "entered the Town Hall depot" and bought an Exchequer Bond with a £5 JOHN BULL "Bullet" cheque!

H. P. (Hither Green).—The Chancellor of the Exchequer says motor roadsweepers are motor cars within the meaning of the Act. Think of using a motor roadsweeper for a joy ride!

C. Q. W. (Lurgan).—"I'm ashamed to call you Irish; I say it to your face that to your King and Country you are a blank disgrace." When you said it, what did the other man do?

"BULL DOG" (Tipperary)—Whatever money you have handed over to the concern you may regard as lost, and you are not likely to get any satisfaction out of the firm of solicitors mentioned, although there can be no harm in sending in a statement of your account.

"FANNY" (Sunbury).—Bravo, for a woman!

"CONSTANT READER" (London).—"The so-called Protestant Religion was made by a man who married seven different women." Not all at once.

E. A. A. (Quebec Street).—"Is it a fact that many young clerks are doing work in Somerset House, which could be done by girls or elderly men?" Such is such, we believe.

W. S. (Worksop).—We repeat that "magnetic belts" are usually bunkum. Your cure would have been effected just the same if you had worn a bit of red tape.

F. B. (Arnold).—You were wise not to part with any money to Marshall Vincent, of Buckingham Street, W.C., who promises to win you a solution prize in a month.

T. K. (Poplar).—The Government are alleged to be considering the whole married-men position, so we must wait and see.

SERGT. Moss, A.S.C.—Congratulations on No. 1 of "On Service," the journal of the A.S.C. It is bright and businesslike—like the boys.

J. T. (Sheffield).—Why send four pages of Biblical references if you "speak more particularly for those not in sympathy with religious ideas supposed to be taught in the Bible"? You say, quite truly, we do not *understand* Conscientious Objectors of that type. We don't.

H. N. (Lamington).—The people who buy artificial teeth and advertise they are "authorised" by Government are probably speaking truly. But their deals are very small. Permit is given as a matter of course, and to advertise it is only trade swank.

H. D. (Gosforth, Cumberland).—Glad to learn that the Bishop of Newcastle only wants that money for the drains and not to refurnish; also that he will mortgage the income to repay. But you should not ask what the (somewhere) it had to do with us. That was naughty of you.

J. M. (Scotland).—Cannot publish what you wrote "after the S. African war." Almost like asking us to publish something you wrote before the Flood.

R. FOSTER (24 mess, H.M.S. *Tiger*, c.o. G.P.O., London) would be glad of back numbers of JOHN BULL for August and September last.

"OMNIS."—For the five million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and fifth time, anonymous communications are consigned to blazes.

"ONE OF THE SWEATED."—The National Deposit Friendly Society refuses to refund postal surcharges paid by suffering District Secretaries, but has increased the salary of its General Secretary from £600 to £700 because the poor fellow feels the pinch of war. So do the clerks in the office, but they don't matter—unless the members all over the country get a move on at the coming meetings.

"WHITE BLACKBIRD No. 1."—The E. C. Tea Rooms Company seems to have disappeared some time ago, and we are afraid you must therefore regard your money as hopelessly lost. How did you come to buy the shares without making inquiries?

P. H. (Hove).—The self-making toys for children which you inquire about are being given away each week in *Everywoman's*.

W. DE B. (Halifax).—The *Yorkshire Evening Post's* map, showing the counties visited by Zeppelins, when turned upside down does, as you say, present a startling cartoon of "Mr. Asquith smiling at the result." But did he?

"LONDONDERRY POSTMAN."—Half-duties in Londonderry P.O. might well be done by ex-soldiers, the pay of 24s. helping with pension, while being almost useless to a man with no other income. Yet the P.O. prefers "civilians from the streets, who have done nothing." Londonderry should consider the man with honourable scars.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for March 25th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 063,785 and A007,248. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Gatwick had a really splendid meeting, and I should say that even in the palmiest days of racing a bigger crowd than I saw on Friday has never assembled on the course. The "National" was a featureless kind of race, and for all the incident there was to record they might have been a lot of selling 'chasers running over a two-miles country. Vermouth won comfortably, and I was not at all surprised, but after the Windsor running I could not see her beating Templedowney—had the latter run—and therefore judged Whitaker should be able to tell exactly how Lord Marcus stood with Vermouth.

This week sees the last of the jumping for the season, the venue being Hawthorn Hill on Friday and Saturday.

On Friday, GEORGE B. ought to be a good thing for the Datchet Steeplechase. TIP AND RUN may win the Eton Selling Hurdle; BRUCE the Holyport Steeplechase; REVIEW the Egham Steeplechase and STRONG BOY the Bray Hurdle. On Saturday, SWING for the Marlow Hurdle looks the best thing. I fancy that in the Ascot Hurdle the chance of THE BORE has come at last. TOADSTONE may take the Moderate Hurdle.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 25.

Two readers sent coupons showing only three errors, and share the £100, each receiving £50:—

GUNNER A. ROBINSON, c.o. Mrs. Chay, 6, Alma Street, Luton, Beds.

V. C. LINTOTT, 18, Oakland Road, Dovercourt.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

A. J. ALFORD Brynteg, Llanarth, nr. Raglan, Mon. February 19th. 925,832.

F. J. McMILLAN, 32 Mess, H.M.S. "Commonwealth" March 4th. 123,692.

JOHN BESWICK, 59, Beech Row, Sandyford, nr. Tunstall, Staffs. March 4th. A005,762.

P. A. PINFIELD, 154, Aston Lane, Handsworth, Birmingham. March 4th. A182,279.

JOHN HICKS, 56, Railway Terrace, Abercarn. March 11th. 132,915.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 25th:—

029566	233871	535487	820537	A102781
042817	292340	563214	861423	A138411
083933	315336	573320	881935	A187375
110092	369244	591154	935171	A222815
134589	387 59	612758	954933	A258537
178 50	418 37	6356 9	993330	A279738
183 61	448972	677176	A056723	A283045
187743	482534	703561	A063465	A320834
22 487	490103	754289	A082821	A337201
257638	495 20	765732	A097289	A378443

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 5th).

HAD YOURS YET?
If not, don't delay.
Cut out the Coupon opposite.
"JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 1 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

"BULLETS"—THE PREMIER COMPETITION.

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 6th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(183) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 183," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 6th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(183) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 184. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 13th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **184** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 184, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 184.

GERMANY	RICH LIVING	AFTER THE RAID	VILLAGE POLICEMAN
REGARDLESS OF COST	AFTER THE WEDDING	PRETTY DANGEROUS	NON-COMBATANTS
JOINT ATTACK	PRODIGAL PROMISES	NO SINGLE MAN	RAINY DAY
HOW TO END WAR	FIGHTING AGAINST WILL	TOMMY'S WIFE	MAKES NEIGHBOURS TALK
GOING TO ATTEST	WON'T SERVE	PROTECTING THE HOME	THE KAISER'S CONSCIENCE

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed [illegible] Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 183:—

THE GERMAN FLEET
APRIL FOOL
LITTLE WILLIE'S WEAKNESS
THE WAY TO WIN
KNOCK-DOWN BLOW
WHAT ASQUITH SAID
MARRIED GRIEVANCE
LOOKING FOR MAID
RICH AND POOR
STARRED OCCUPATION
A GOOD PENNYWORTH
NEVER FORGOTTEN
THREATENING THE HOME
BROUGHT DOWN
UNFIT FOR SERVICE
A WOMAN DRIVER
VERY RISKY
HOW MONEY GOES
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE
BEHIND THE COUNTER
CONTRADICTING FATHER
A REGULAR TERROR
WHAT LOVE MEANS
KEPT WAITING
A STRONG HINT
GAINING HER OBJECT
THE WRONG HORSE
CAPITAL IDEA
A BIG HANDFUL
THE KAISER REGRETS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE, or FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
A BIG HANDFUL.
Bullet:—
FATHER'S, WHEN MOTHER'S SHOPPING.

Example:—
A STRONG HINT.
Bullet:—
WHEN HOSTESS YAWNS.

Example:—
VERY RISKY.
Bullet:—
INSULTING PUGILIST.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 22nd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated April 1st.

RESULT OF 180TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. F. WILLINGALE,
97, Milton Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Example:—THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.
Bullet:—SELDOM USES "CHRISTIAN" NAMES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Miss **A. MARSHALL,**
Brompton Schools, Montpelier Street, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

Example:—INDISPENSABLE.
Bullet:—SO THEY INTEND "REMAINING."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mrs. New, Wood Cottage, S. Tawton, nr. Okehampton, Devon:
MEETING HIS MATCH—SOLD "HOOPS HIS JAW."
Mrs. C. Pelton, 65, Ashley Rd., Bosecombe, Bournemouth:
MOST DISTURBING WHEN— READ IS "WHOLE MEAL."
Mr. F. M. Grundy, Flookburgh, Cark-in-Cartmel, Lancs.:
DON'T BELIEVE THAT—THEY "SERVE" WHO "WAIT."
Mr. Harry E. Few, Richmond House, Bilfron St., Chelsea:
DISTURBING THE PEACE—OFTEN MEANS "KEEPING" IT.
Mr. P. J. Hibberd, Wireless Station, Polihu, S. Cornwall:
A SORRY MEETING—OUTSIDE BROKER—"BROKE" OUTSIDER.
Mr. Albert Westaway, 42, Lyndhurst Rd., Bath:
NOT WORTH TAKING—A NOVICE TO "TASTE."
Mr. John Storey, 113, Barrow Road, Barton Hill, Bristol:
MOST DISTURBING WHEN—ALL "ADVANCES" ARE STOPPED.
Mr. A. E. Langley King, "Mirador," Barclay Oval, Woolford Wells:
NOT WORTH TAKING—THE PRISON CHAPLAIN'S COLLECTION.
Mr. John Marshall, 53, Sherburn Street, Hull:
NOT WORTH TAKING—SUNDAY MORNING WALKS NOW
Mr. John Mason, 346, Victoria Park Road, Leicester:
DISMAYING THE KAISER—"MASSES" WON'T SAVE HIM.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. G. S. James, Swan Duries, Oxford:
INDISPENSABLE—"TILL" PROVED OTHERWISE.
Mr. R. J. Waterman, 32, Wolseley Road, Bishopstown, Bristol:
THE LATEST REPORT—COMMITTEE APPOINTED—PUBLIC DISAPPOINTED.
Mr. W. Collier, 34, Penrith Road, Thornton Heath:
GOING TO SLEEP—THE DRUDGE'S "NIGHT OFF."
Mr. Chas. A. King, Shamrock House, Cookham, Maidenhead:
THE SERGEANT-MAJOR—"SWEARS" TO SERVE BRITAIN
Mr. Herbert Houghton, Liverpool Road, Hough Green, near Wilnes, Lancs.:
INDISPENSABLE—PAVEMENT ARTIST'S "DRAWN" FEATURES"
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. Joseph Hazell, 7, London Road, Ashford, Middlesex:
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL—WOULDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE HIS "SUPERIOR."
Miss M. Metcalfe, 1, Lion Street, Brecon, Breconshire:
WANTS WASHING—SELDOM MIRROR BEHIND BAR.
Mrs. Eden, 6 Herrick Road, Loughborough.
THE RUSSIAN BEAR—FATHER PREFERS "RED LION."
Mr. Alec B. Forewell, 149, McDonald Rd., Edinburgh:
DON'T BELIEVE THAT—MARRIED MEN AREN'T FIGHTERS.
Mr. John Richards, Yard 124, Highgate, Kendal:
SWEEPING VICTORY—CONSTABLE'S EVIDENCE—OVER PRISONERS

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th

Example.....
Bullet.....
Example.....
Bullet.....

(183) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page

Signed .....
Address.....
.....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d must be sent.

If all four Coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th

Example.....
Bullet.....
Example.....
Bullet.....

(183) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....
Address.....
.....
If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 183," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 for an All-Correct Coupon
£250 If One Error . . . . . .
£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, April 8th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Blackpool will beat Bury you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Bury will beat Blackpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, April 7th. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp, or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
			Blackpool	v.	Bury
			Bolton W.	v.	Burnley
			Oldham A.	v.	Liverpool
			Manchester C.	v.	Stockport
			Barnsley	v.	Bradford
			Bradford C.	v.	Huddersfield
			Derby C.	v.	Notts F.
			Lincoln C.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Notts C.	v.	Leicester F.
			Chelsea	v.	Fulham
			Brentford	v.	West Ham U.
			Clapton O.	v.	Queen's Park R.
			Reading	v.	Crystal P.
			Tottenham H.	v.	Arsenal
			Clyde	v.	Partick T.
			Dundee	v.	Kilmarnock
			Third Lanark	v.	Hamilton A.
			St. Mirren	v.	Motherwell

I enter JOHN BULL Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and equally binding and under all that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....
Address .....
.....

No. 28 Closing date, Friday, April 7th.

THERE IS ONLY ONE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

(In STOMACH & BOWEL)

BUT THERE IS ONE CURE

INDIGESTION.—however chronic—can be cured.

Sufferers from Indigestion endeavour to obtain relief

(1) By Starvation.
(2) By taking Pepsine Mixtures.
(3) By taking Purgatives.

Three serious mistakes are thus made.

STARVATION IS HARMFUL.

When the digestive organs of the body have ceased performing their natural functions, you will not help them by giving them nothing to do. What they want is work and nourishment, not idleness.

PEPSINE MIXTURES are no good, for the following reason :—Only one quarter of the food is digested in the Stomach, the rest is digested in the Bowel. Pepsine digests food in the Stomach, but does not digest the Starchy food in the Bowel. It is, therefore, useless in Bowel Indigestion.

PURGATIVES give temporary relief only to increase the trouble afterwards. **Purgatives do not digest food, they simply expel it, nourishment and all,** and the Bowel grows weaker and weaker.

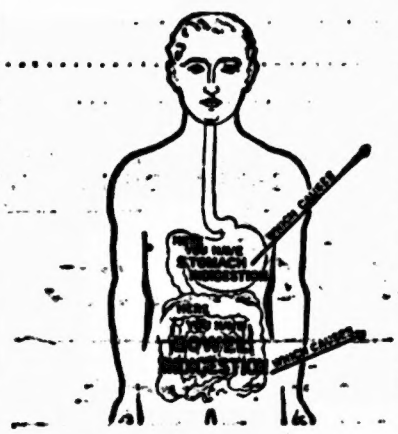
carried to every part of the system, producing foul breath, coated tongue, heaviness of the head, biliousness, loss of appetite and profound depression.

Dr. C. says :—" NINETEEN out of every twenty cases of Constipation are due to Bowel Indigestion, but not 1 in 20 persons know it."

CICFA removes the immediate trouble. Gradually the Stomach and Bowel become healthy enough to digest the food themselves without further medicine.

CICFA has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by **CICFA.**

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you think. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety and a fright. If you are worried at present (who is not worried ?) your digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak Digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge. (b) Gout. (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
Complexion muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation, with all its misery.

WHAT THEN WILL CURE INDIGESTOIN ?

Clearly it must be something that will digest the food in the Stomach, and also digest the food in the Bowel and restore the digestive glands so that they can do the work themselves.

Only one remedy will do this, and that is the wonderful scientific remedy **CICFA.**

NOW YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE TWO KINDS OF INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION in the STOMACH & INDIGESTION in the BOWEL.

STOMACH INDIGESTION occurs when the food, not being digested immediately by the Gastric Juice, begins to ferment. In a short time this food becomes so foul that it cannot be digested. Hence the formation of foul gases and acrid acids which irritate the nerves and often cause Heartburn ; the gases cause Stomach pressure, heart palpitation, neuralgic headaches, vomiting and a burning spot behind the left shoulder blade, so that many often fancy they have heart disease.

BOWEL INDIGESTION.—Three-quarters of the food is digested in the Bowel. Food when undigested in the Bowel becomes foul, also producing gases and unnatural acids ; the gases cause Flatulence, bloating, and pressure. Thus impurities are absorbed into the blood, and

and regularly, and taking **CICFA** to assist Digestion, because **CICFA** alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

DO YOU KNOW

that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach, you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice, which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food, is very acid, and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food and thus cause Indigestion. These are not our ideas, they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion. Price 1s. 3d. & 3s. Get CICFA NOW, or TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your name and address with this Coupon and **one penny stamp for postage,** and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful **CICFA.** Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

THE CICFA COY.,
8a, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.

John Bull. 1/4/16

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2596.